'UP THE COUNTRY'

Letters written to her Sister

FROM

THE UPPER PROVINCES OF INDIA

BY

THE HON. EMILY EDEN

AUTHORESS OF 'THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE' AND 'THE SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE'

IN TWO VOLUMES

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'UP THE COUNTRY.'

CHAPTER I.

Camp, Umritzir, Dec. 10, 1838.

It has just occurred to me in dating this letter, that we are very near the end of '38, and in '39 we may begin to say, 'the year after next, we shall go home.' I never know exactly where we are in our story, for I keep so many anniversaries it puts me out. So many people have married, and died, and gone home, that it is really incredible that we should have been here so long, and yet are kept here still. Something must be done about it, because it is a very good joke; but life is passing away, and we are in the wrong place. It has now come to that pass that we are in a foreign country from India, and that crossing the Sutlej is to be called going home again. You see how it is! Our first principles are wrong, and G. says, with a placid smile, 'If

Shere Singh does not dine with us to-day, would it not be advisable to ask Hindû Rao?' Hindû Rao, being a Mahratta chief, a dependent on our Government, who has attached himself to our camp—not quite an idiot, but something like it, and in appearance like a plump feather-bed, with pillows for his head and legs—covered all over with chain armour and cuirasses, and red and yellow shawls; and he sits behind G. at table, expecting to have topics found and interpreted to him. Shere Singh has a great deal of fun; but natives at table are always a great *gêne*. I had only time to tell you of our arrival at Umritzir on Wednesday, and not of the show, which was really surprising. F. and I came on in the carriage earlier than the others, which was a great advantage; for the dust of fifty or sixty elephants does not subside in a hurry, and they spoil the whole spectacle. We met the old man going to fetch G. That is one of the ceremonies, naturally tiresome, to which we have become quite used, and which, in fact, I shall expect from you, when we go home. If the Maharajah asks G. to any sight, or even to a common visit, G. cannot stir from his tent, if he starves there, till an 'istackball,' or embassy, comes to fetch

him. So this morning we were all dressed by candle-light, and half the tents were pulled down and all the chairs but two gone, while G. was waiting for Kurruck Singh to come seven miles to fetch him, and Kurruck Singh was waiting till the Governor-General's agent came to fetch *him*, and then the Maharajah was waiting till they were half-way, that he might fetch them all. Then, the instant they meet, G. nimbly steps into Runjeet's howdah, and they embrace French fashion, and then the whole procession mingles, and all this takes place every day now. If the invitation comes from our side, B. and the aides-de-camp act Kurruck Singh, and have to go backwards and forwards fifteen miles on their elephants. So now, if ever we are living in St. John's Wood, and you ask me to dinner in Grosvenor Place, I shall first send Giles down to your house to say I am ready; and you must send R., as your *istackball*, to fetch me, and I shall expect to meet you yourself, somewhere near Connaught Place, and then we will embrace and drive on, and go hand-in-hand in to dinner, and sit next to each other. If I have anything to say (which is very doubtful, for I have grown rather like Hindû Rao), I will mention it to Giles, who

will repeat it to Gooby, who will tell you, and you will wink your eye and stroke your hair, and in about ten minutes you will give me an answer through the same channels. Now you understand.

To return to this show. We drove for two miles and a half through a lane of Runjeet's 'goocherras,' or body guard. The sun was up and shining on them, and I suppose there was not one who would not have made the fortune of a painter. One troop was dressed entirely in yellow satin, with gold scarfs and shawls; but the other half were in that cloth of gold which is called kincob—the *fond* being gold and the pattern scarlet, or purple, or yellow; their arms were all gold—many of them had collars of precious stones; their shields and lances were all studded with gold. They have long beards down to their waists, and most of them had a silver, or gold tissue drapery, which they bring over their heads and pass round their beards to keep them from the dust. In the distance there was a long line of troops extending four miles and a half, and which after much deliberation I settled was a white wall with a red coping. I thought it could not possibly be alive; but it was—with 30,000 men. G. says old Run-

jeet was very much pleased with his own display. Shere Singh dined with us again; but otherwise it was a day of rest.

Thursday we began poking about to find shawls and agate curiosities, which are supposed to abound at Umritzir; but our native servants are afraid of going into the bazaars, they say the Sikhs laugh at them and their dress; my man told me 'they are a very *proudly* people, me not much like; they say, "What this?" and "What that?" I say, "It Mussulmaun dress—if you not like, don't touch!" Then they say, "No city like our Umritzir!" I say, "I say nothing against your Umritzir; but then you never see anything else. If you come to *Calcut*, I show you beautiful things—ships that go by smoke, and fine houses." However, they are so proudly that now I pretend I no understand their Punjâbee, but I know what they mean.'

With all their '*proudliness*' they are very civil to our people, and told them that the Maharajah had proclaimed he would put to death anybody who maltreated any of the Governor-General's followers; or, as they expressed it, that 'he would cut open their stomachs'—very unpleasant, for a mere little incivility. In the

afternoon he sent word he was going to show us the city and the famous Sikh temple, where he had consulted the oracle about his present alliance with us. This temple is the only thing the Sikhs are supposed to venerate in a religious way. After all the plans were settled, a grand schism sprang up in our camp about G.'s taking off his shoes, and parties ran very high; however, I believe it was settled that it was impossible he could ever take off his shoes, except for the purpose of going to bed; but then it was equally impossible to rebut Runjeet's great civility in letting us go to this temple at all, and it was not a question of state. Runjeet takes off his shoes and stoops down, and puts some of the dust on his forehead; it amounts to taking off a hat, and only answers to the same respect that we should wish anybody to pay on entering one of our own churches. So it ended in G.'s drawing a pair of dark stockings on over his boots, and the Sikhs made no objection. F. and I went in white shoes, and pretended to take off our dressing slippers from over them. All they really care about is, that their sacred marble should not be defiled by shoes that have trod the common streets. I am glad we went, and would

have given up my shoes and stockings too, for it.

The temple stands in an immense tank of holy water, and a narrow marble bridge leads to it. There is a broad walk all round the tank, and it is surrounded by palaces belonging to his principal sirdar, and by other holy buildings.

The temple is of pure gold; really and truly covered completely with gold, most beautifully carved, till within eight feet from the ground, and then there are pannels of marble inlaid with flowers and birds—very *Solomonish* altogether. There are four large folding-doors of gold. We walked round it, and then Runjeet took us in.

There was a large collection of priests, sitting in a circle, with the Grooht, their holy book, in the centre, under a canopy of gold cloth, quite stiff with pearls and small emeralds. The canopy cost 10,000*l*. Runjeet made G. and F. and me sit down with him on a common velvet carpet, and then one of the priests made a long oration, to the effect that the two great potentates were now brothers and friends, and never could be otherwise. Then G. made a speech to the same effect, and mentioned that the two armies had joined, and they could now conquer the whole

world; and Runjeet carried on the compliment, and said that here, the oracle had prompted him to make his treaty, and now they saw that he and the English were all one family. In short, you never saw two gentlemen on better terms with themselves and each other. G. presented 16,000 rupees, and they, in return, gave us some very fine shawls. I think, mine was scarlet and gold, but the Company's baboo twisted it up in such haste that I did not see it well.

When all this was over, Runjeet took us up to a sort of balcony he has in one corner of the square, and by that time the bridge, the temple, the minarets, everything was illuminated. Shere Singh's palace was a sort of volcano of fireworks, and large illuminated fish were swimming about the tank. It was a curious sight, and supposed, by those who know the Sikhs, to be a wonderful proof of confidence on Runjeet's part.

Yesterday my search for small agate curiosities was rather successful; and the shawls here are not *despicable* by any means, and very cheap, but I happen to have spent all my money. W. O.'s tent is the great harbour for merchants, but I have found out that I make my little bargains better if I can convey my merchant safely into my own tent.

They all went to a great review this morning, and we had Runjeet's French officers to dinner in the evening, besides the A.'s and C.'s; and then Shere Sing, and that darling little Pertâb, came again to dinner.

We had little Pertâb to sketch this morning, and he was very pleasant. I asked him to fix his eyes on Captain M., who was acting interpreter. After a time he began to fidget, and his stern old Sikh tutor (you don't want a Sikh tutor for your boys by chance?—if so, I can safely recommend this man for a remarkably good manner of teaching, besides having a beard half a yard long) reproved him for it. Pertâb declared he could not help it,—he was told to fix his eyes on M., and 'this is the way he moves his head,'—and then he mimicked M. turning from one to the other and interpreting, in such a funny little way. We gave him a diamond ring, which seemed to delight him.

In the evening we went to a garden half a mile off, where Runjeet is living, and where he was going to give us an evening fête. He had had the house actually built on purpose, and it was beautifully painted in an arabesque fashion, with small pieces of looking-glass let in, in

various patterns. The walks of the garden were all lined with those splendid soldiers.

I whispered to Major E., who was sitting on the other side of me, to ask if it would be wrong to step out of the house to look at these gorgeous people, as I had missed all the other opportunities of seeing them; and the old Maharajah did not wait to have the question explained—he delights to show off his soldiers. He jumped up, and took hold of my hand, and ambled out into the garden, and then made all the guards march by, and commented on their dresses, and he looked so fond of the old greybearded officers.

There is something rather touching in the affection his people have for him. The other day, in going through the city, it struck us all, the eagerness with which they called out 'Maharajah!' and tried to touch him, which is easy enough in these narrow streets, and the elephants reaching to the roofs of the houses.

When we had sufficiently admired the golden men, we all ambled back to our silver chairs, and then the drinking and nautching began. Nothing can be more tiresome! But he asked some very amusing questions of G., which I believe

C. softened in the translation. If he had a wife? and when satisfied about that, How many children he had? Then he asked *why* he had no wife? G. said that only one was allowed in England, and if she turned out a bad one, he could not easily get rid of her. Runjeet said that was a bad custom; that the Sikhs were allowed twenty-five wives, and they did not dare to be bad, because he could beat them if they were. G. replied that was an excellent custom, and he would try to introduce it when he got home. Then Runjeet asked if there was anybody present who could drink wine as well as Sir W. C., and I said, for fun, 'Mr. A. could;' upon which there was a general cry for A., and poor Mr. A. was accommodated with a chair in front of all the circle, and Runjeet began plying him with glasses of that fiery spirit he drinks himself. Mr. A. is at present living strictly on toast and water! However, he contrived to empty the glass on the carpet occasionally. That carpet must have presented a horrible scene when we went. I know that under my own chair I deposited two broiled quails, an apple, a pear, a great lump of sweetmeat, and some pomegranate-seeds, which Runjeet gave me with

his dirty fingers into my hand, which, of course, became equally dirty at last.

F. and I came away before the others. He gave me the presents which were due, as I had never been at one of his parties before. They were very handsome; the best row of pearls we have had in this journey, with a very good emerald between every ten pearls; a magnificent pair of emerald bracelets, and a shabby little ring. G. handsomely offered to buy the pearls for me; but that is not what we came to India for. It is very well his buying a little ring, or a shawl, for ten, or fifteen pounds, but I do not want pearl necklaces.

I believe now in the story our governess used to tell us, of grocer's apprentices, who, in the first week of their apprenticeship, were allowed to eat barley-sugar and raisins to such an amount that they never again wished to touch them. We thought that a myth; but I have latterly had such a surfeit of emeralds, pearls, and diamonds, that I have quite lost any wish to possess them.

CHAPTER II.

Monday, Dec. 17th, 1838.

THE Maharajah asked G. to go with him on Sunday afternoon to look at his fort of Govindghur, in which he keeps all his treasures; and it is certain that whoever gets hold of Govindghur at his death will also get hold of his kingdom. He never allows anybody to enter it, and E. says, that in all the thirteen years he has been with him he has never been able to get a sight of it, and he was convinced that Runjeet would either pretend to be ill, or to make some mistake in the hour, so that he would not really show G. even the outside of it. It *was* rather late before Kurruck Singh came to fetch G.; however, they soon met the Maharajah, and went towards the fort. An officer came to ask his 'hookum,' or orders, and he told him to have the gates opened, and desired G. to take in all the officers of his escort, even any engineers. Then he led him all over the fort, showed him where the treasure was kept, took him up to the

roof, where there was a carpet spread, and two gold chairs, and there sat and asked questions about cannons and shells, and mines, and forts in general. The Europeans were all amazed; but they say the surprise of Runjeet's own sirdars was past all concealment; even the common soldiers began talking to B. about it, and said that they now saw that the Sikhs and English were 'to be all one family, and to live in the same house.' It certainly is very odd how completely the suspicious old man seems to have conquered any feeling of jealousy, and it is entirely his own doing, against the wishes and plans of his prime ministers, and of most of his sirdars; but he has taken his own line, and says he is determined to show how complete his confidence is.

Whenever he dies, this great kingdom, which he has raked together, will probably fall to pieces again. His prime minister, Dhian Singh, will probably take Cashmere and the hill provinces, and they say is strong enough to take all the rest. But the people generally incline to the foolish son Kurruck Singh, and he will have the Punjâb. The army is attached to our dear friend Shere Singh; but Runjeet has deprived him of most of

his income, or it is just possible his dear fat head will be chopped off, unless he crosses to our side of the river.

Wednesday, Dec. 19th.

We marched yesterday from Umritzir, and are to make four marches to Lahore.

The maids were quite delighted with an adventure they had in the morning's march. Several mounted soldiers stopped their elephant, and said that Shere Singh's wife wanted to see them. She came up in a dhoolie covered with gold curtains, in which there was a slit, through which she protruded one finger and then presented an eye. After a long study of Jones, she told her bearers to carry her round to the other side of the elephant, and desired Wright to put up her veil, that she might have a good look at her. Then she told them, that she had never seen any white women before, and that they must come to her tent. An hour after breakfast one of her guards arrived and carried off the hirkaru who had been with the maids, and took him to Shere Singh's camp, where the lady spoke to him from behind the purdah, and said she must have a visit from the maids, and that she was going to take a bath and dress herself, and then they were to

come. I wrote to Major E. for his advice, and he made all the necessary enquiries, but unluckily ascertained that this was not one of the four legitimate Mrs. Sheres, who are visitable, and indeed the most exemplary wives in the world. This woman is all very well in her way, and for many years has been the reigning favourite, but he thought they had better not go to see her. The difficulty was to make an excuse, as she is always accustomed to have her own way, but G. managed it somehow. I was rather sorry he was so prudish, for it would have been a great treat for the maids, and something quite new. Shere Singh and his boy dined with us. He made a long whispered confidence to Mr. A. in the evening, and then went off to the other table, that Mr. A. might whisper it to me, and it was to the effect that his wife, (that improper word natives cannot bear to mention) had heard from her little boy that we had been kind to him, and was longing to see us, and had prepared presents for us; and we hoped we would go to his palace at Lahore.

Shalimar, Thursday, Dec. 20th.

Shalimar is the garden where Dr. D. and W. lived, when they suffered so much from heat last

year. We are encamped close by it. I believe it is the real Shalimar where Lalla Rookh recognised Feramorz, but we do not happen to have a 'Lalla Rookh' at hand. Shere Singh came to my tent to sit for his picture—such a gorgeous figure! all over diamonds and emeralds; and as it was a first private visit, he brought a bag of rupees, which he waved round and threw on the ground, and of which it is indelicate to take the least notice. It is still more indelicate taking them at all, I think, but it cannot be helped. He made a very good picture. He was extremely curious about the arrangement of our tents, and poked about, looking into every book and box; and as he went away, he made A. and W. take him round to F.'s tent to look at everything there. I believe nothing can equal the shock it is to the Sikhs in general to see F. and me going about in this way. They come in crowds to ask for an explanation from the native servants. It is unpleasant being considered so disreputable; but 'conscious worth, patient merit,' and all that sort of thing, serve to keep us up, to say nothing of not understanding what they say. F. and I went to sketch in the gardens in the afternoon. They are a thick grove of orange and limes, so that they are cool at all times. G. settled that he

would go too and take a quiet walk, and look about him, with only an aide-de-camp. Deluded creature! Inexperienced traveller! The instant he got on his elephants, bang went a gun. Shere Singh and Lehna Singh with their trains appeared, a troop of Sikhs wheeled up and began playing 'God save the Queen' with every other bar left out, which makes rather a pretty air. Mr. C. was sent for to interpret. His lordship went on to the gardens, where we saw him debark, and a train of devoted gardeners met him with baskets of fruit. We made him a sign not to come and interrupt our sketching, but from the opposite walk there debouched Kurruck Singh, and Ajeet Singh, and the old fakeer, sent by Runjeet to see that all was right. The brothers Kurruck and Shere don't speak, and G. said it was horrible to see the agitation with which Shere Singh clutched hold of him, and Kurruck laid hold of the other hand, and they handed him along towards us, oversetting our tonjauns, and utterly discomposing our perspective. G. bears a real ceremony beautifully when he has made up his mind to it, and indeed rather likes it; but when he has made up his mind the other way, and wishes to see any curious sight quietly, he becomes frantic with bore if he is interrupted.

Lahore, Friday, Dec. 21.

Yesterday evening Runjeet gave us a party in the Shalimar gardens, which were illuminated in every direction. The party was like all the others, except that it was less crowded, and there was an introduction of Afghans. The brother of our enemy Dost Mahomed, who is not fettered by foolish feelings of family affection, has come over to us. He and his sons and followers were rather picturesque, with their enormous coarse turbans and cloth gaberdines, and great jack-boots, amongst all those jewelled Sikhs. Runjeet was extremely civil to them. I thought one of the amusing incidents of the evening would be, that I should topple over backwards, chair and all, into the garden below the sort of open summer house in which we were sitting. Runjeet is particular in the arrangement of his circle—and also rather peculiar. He and G. were seated just in a corner of the open arch, so as to have a side view of the fireworks, and my chair was put next to Runjeet's in the middle of the arch with no ledge to the floor and my back to the garden. I moved off, on pretence that I could see nothing, but he sent for me back again, and I think must have been disappointed at the precision with which I sat bolt upright.

I always try to flirt a little with Kurruck Singh, the heir-apparent, who is supposed to be a goose but 'a great *parti*,' as C. would say; but I think the Maharajah sees through me, for he always says to C. 'What's that?' and then answers for his son. I wish he would not—I think my Kurruck would be pleasant, if they ever let him open his lips. I asked him if he had ever tasted any English wine, and he said he never drank any wine at all, upon which Runjeet immediately gave him his own little glass full of spirits, and laughed with the greatest delight at his son's taking it. F. and I came away very early.

Most of the camp came in procession with G. and the Maharajah through the town, which F. says was very dirty and not odoriferous. Runjeet led them in and out, and round about for two hours. I cannot stand much elephant, so I came across the country in the tonjaun with Captain E. and Mr. A., who rode. The Sikh guards led us right through the fields where there was no shade, but it was rather nice and gave one a reminiscence of Shottesbrooke and partridge shooting. We saw in the distance the dust of our moving camp, and blessed ourselves. It was only four miles by this route from one camp to the other.

Of course, Shere Singh and Pertâb came to dinner. The little boy is quite set on learning English, and he says, in such a droll voice, 'Chance, sit up,' 'plate,' 'glass,' and a few other words he has picked up. To fill up the evenings, we have taught him that game of soldiers by making round dots on a piece of paper, which he and W. play at, and before dessert was over, he asked whether it was not time to go into the next room. He wanted to kill Dost Mahomed with his pencil.

Heera Singh, Runjeet's favourite, came to my tent to sit for his picture, but there was some difficulty about his coming, so he arrived late, and it was too dark to draw him well. Runjeet sent word that he considered him 'his best-beloved son,' and hoped somebody of consideration would be sent to fetch him. Dhian Singh, the prime minister, and the ruler of one-third of the Punjâb, was coming at the same time to see G. in a private manner. He is Heera Singh's father, but Runjeet sent 'the best-beloved son,' with quantities of elephants, and two regiments, to take care of him, while Dhian Singh came on horseback, with only four soldiers riding behind him. He is a very striking-looking man, and his manners are much more pleasing than his son's.

Sunday, Dec. 23.

We went, yesterday afternoon, to a review of Runjeet's goocherras. His grandson, Noor Nahal, my friend Kurruck's son, and the probable heir, was there. He very nearly died of cholera ten days ago, so we had not seen him. Runjeet treated him with great distinction. He was very interesting-looking, like young Lord E., with enormous black eyes, very sallow, as all Sikh natives are, and he was propped up with cushions and covered with jewels. He was very popular a year ago, but they say has turned out ill since he has been his own master.

The first show of the day was Runjeet's private stud. I suppose fifty horses were led past us. The first had on its emerald trappings, necklaces arranged on its neck, and between its ears, and in front of the saddle two enormous emeralds, nearly two inches square, carved all over, and set in gold frames, like little looking-glasses. The crupper was all emeralds, and there were stud-ropes of gold put on something like a martingale. Heera Singh said the whole was valued at 37 lacs (370,000*l.*); but all these valuations are fanciful, as nobody knows the worth of these enormous stones; they are never bought or sold. The next horse was simply

attired in diamonds and turquoises, another in pearls, and there was one with trappings of coral and pearl that was very pretty. Their saddle-cloths have stones woven into them. It reduces European magnificence to a very low pitch.

Runjeet has got a fit of curiosity about our religion, from our having declined engagements for Sundays and for Christmas-day; and he has sent the fakeer twice to Mr. Y. to say he wants to have translations of what it is he says to the Lord Sahib every Sunday; and to-day, after the review, he stopped Mr. Y. and asked him a great many questions about our prayers, &c.

The review was picturesque, but rather tiresome; however, I did not much care, for I changed places with E., and got a quiet corner from which I could sketch Runjeet. I was on his blind side, but they said he found it out, and begged I might not be interrupted. One of his native painters was sketching G., and if my drawing looked as odd to him, as his did to me, he must have formed a mean idea of the arts in England. They put full eyes into a profile and give hardly any shade. They paint their own people with European complexions, from coxcombry, so that our's are a great puzzle to them, because we

are so white. They had given G. light red hair. I made a great addition to my stock of curiosities yesterday in an agate dagger and cup, and I had a great miss this morning of some trays and cups japanned in Cashmere. A man brought them to my tent, and I would not buy them because it was Sunday; upon which W. O., who does not keep the Sunday so well as I do, immediately snapped them up. This place is full of Cashmerees. G., and the camp in general, went across the river to see the ruins of Noorjhem's tomb. I went with X. to an enamelled mosque in the city, which must have been splendid in the Mussulman days, but the Sikhs keep up nothing of that sort. However, it is still very beautiful, and would have been charming sketching, but the crowd was so enormous, the guards were of no use. It is not an uncivil crowd, all things considered—we merely threw them one and all into genuine fits of laughter; but X., who understands their language, says, they did not say anything meant for impertinence, only they had never seen a European woman before, and 'what an odd thing it was to be so white!' And then my Leghorn bonnet was a great subject of wonder and dispute.

CHAPTER III.

Monday, Dec. 24, 1838.

THE Maharajah is ill—he has cold and fever—so all parties, &c., are put off. We were to have visited his wives to-day, and to have had great illuminations at the palace, but as it is we have passed a quiet comfortable day. We sent word to Shere Singh that Christmas-eve was one of our great festivals, and that we could not be disturbed to-day or to-morrow; and we have been quite alone this evening.

Christmas-day.

Runjeet still ill. Dr. D. has seen him twice and says, if he were a common patient, he would be well in a day or two; but they are all rather alarmed about him as it is. He never will take any medicine whatever. Dr. D. says, he has a little glass closet in a corner of his palace with a common charpoy to lie on, and no other furniture whatever, and hardly room for any. The fakeer was in attendance, and two or three of

his coolies sitting on the ground at the door—the old man was asleep with all his clothes on. When he awoke, they washed his hands and feet, and then called Dr. D. in. He thought his voice very indistinct, and I fancy the danger is another stroke of palsy—he had one some years ago. However, he is not much worse than half the camp. This is a very aguish place, and three of the aides-de-camp are laid up with fever and ague. Nine officers of the escort stayed the communion to-day, which is a great many for so *un*religious a country as India. It is not *ir*religious, but people live without seeing a clergyman, or a church till they forget all about them.

Wednesday, Dec. 27.

Runjeet has been extremely curious about our Sundays and Christmas-days, and, ill as he was, sent for Mr. Y. to-day, to explain to him what it meant. Mr. Y. took with him translations of the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the prayer for the Governor-General. Almost all the commandments must have been a puzzle to Runjeet's code, from the not worshipping graven images, down to not coveting his neighbour's

goods. He was very much interested, Mr. Y. said, and his fakeer and Dhian Singh asked a great many questions—the old man seemed very ill.

P., F., and I went to sketch some ruins about two miles off. There is a troop of Akalees close by, an alarming class of people, who make it a rule never to live on anything they have not gained by plunder or force. They have occasionally set fire to whole villages, and Runjeet even cannot control them, so he has incorporated some of them with his guards, but they wear their own dark blue dresses, with *quoits* of steel hanging all over them, which they fling at anybody and everybody. The other day at the review of Runjeet's own guards, a small troop of these Akalees marched past with the others, but all Runjeet's sirdars gathered round him as they went by, and some of the Akalees abused them, and others called out to G. that they were going down to take Calcutta. They were very quiet with us to-day, but in the morning they had been very violent against Captain X. and Captain P. They are very picturesque.

Friday, Dec. 29.

We had a great fright about G. this morning—one of those sort of things one hates to think of,

but yet which leave one thankful all the rest of the day, that matters were no worse. He went to a review of our three regiments, and was to ride a horse of W. O.'s which used to have a trick of rearing, so as to prevent anybody mounting it, but this trick was supposed to have been cured; and as, when once mounted, he made a very quiet charger, G. meant to ride him. Yesterday he showed a little of his old fault, but to-day when G. put his foot in the stirrup he reared bolt upright. G. still persisted in trying him, in defiance of W.'s assurances that it would not be safe. I believe he did not hear them; the second time the horse reared, knocked down the syce and bolted, throwing G. to the ground. Luckily, the one foot that was in did not catch fast in the stirrup. He was quite stunned for a minute, but, except a bruise on his shoulders, was not hurt at all. W. rode home in a great fright for a palanquin, and the servants, having kept the secret for five minutes, could not then resist coming to wonder what had happened. However, we had not a long fright, the guns almost immediately began to fire again, so we knew that the review was going on; and we soon heard he was quite well. A great many of the

chiefs immediately presented purses of money on his escape; and after breakfast, some of the soubadars came with their offerings of rupees, which, however, it was only necessary for him to touch. It was a narrow escape of a bad accident, and seems to have frightened the bystanders. In the afternoon he went to a private interview with the Maharajah, where all the treaties and papers connected with the Cabul business were read loud.

This lasted a long while, and at the end, an 'istackball' came to fetch F. and me to see a few of Runjeet's wives—merely a slight sample of them. We saw the old man just for an instant; he looked quite exhausted—almost dying—and made us over to Kurruck Singh and Heera Singh, who, in his capacity of favourite, enters the anderoon, and I should think must endanger the peace of mind of some of the thirty-two Mrs. Runjeets. He is very good-looking. Between him and Rosina we contrived to obtain a very good interpretation of the conversation.

The room was a wretched, little, low place: five of the Rânees sat on silver chairs against the wall, with a great many of their slaves squatting round them, and we sat on chairs opposite

them. Four of them were very handsome; two would have been beautiful anywhere. I suppose they were Cashmerees, they were so fair. Their heads look too large, from the quantity of pearls with which they load them, and their nose-rings conceal all the lower part of the face, and hang down almost to the waist. First, a crescent of diamonds comes from the nose, and to that is hung strings of pearls, and tassels of pearls, and rings of pearls with emerald drops. I can't imagine how they can bear the weight; and their earrings are just the same.

Their immense almond-shaped black eyes are very striking. The conversation is always rather stupid: they laughed at our bonnets, and we rather *jeered* their nose-rings. They asked to hear my repeater strike, and I begged to feel the weight of their earrings, &c. Kurruck Singh was treated with the greatest respect by his five step-mothers; his own is dead.

They gave us rather shabby presents; a small pearl necklace, and diamond bracelets. They utterly spoiled my new satin gown by that horrid attar they smear over their guests, and then we came away. I wish I could make out how these women fill up their lives. Heera Singh

said they each had a little room of their own, like that we saw, but never went out of the anderoon on any occasion.

Saturday.

It is a pouring day. We are encamped in the old bed of the river, and a very wet bed the river must have slept in. I never saw such a quagmire as my tent is. Nobody has been without a cold since we were at Ferozepore, but the sneezing and coughing never ceases now.

Everybody is paddling about in over-shoes, and we are carried to dinner in palanquins, and have trenches dug round our bedrooms, which are full of water. G. and I went to the leave-taking in the shut carriage, with Kurruck Singh and A——. Kurruck was greatly taken with my green satin cloak, and made so many hints for my boa, that it was only the impossibility of getting another, and a remarkably bad cold in my head, that prevented my giving it to him.

Runjeet looked wonderfully better to-day. An hour was passed in giving khelwuts to all our gentlemen. He has got a cunning way of cutting off a great many with the 'Bright Star of the

Punjâb,' his new order. It is worth about fifty rupees.

G. gave this morning the usual khelwuts of 1,000 rupees to all Runjeet's sirdars; the exchange will be a dead loss to the Company, and will eventually be the death of C. Runjeet's presents to G. were his picture set in diamonds, with two rows of pearls; a sword, matchlock, and belt, much be-jewelled; a pair of shawls embroidered in seed-pearl, and the usual accompaniments—nothing very handsome.

When the distribution was ended, Runjeet said to G., 'Now speak some words of friendship to me.' So then G. made his farewell, and ended by saying he hoped Runjeet would wear a parting gift he had brought—that bunch of emerald grapes we got at Simla.

They produced a great effect. Kurruck Singh and Noor Mahal, who were sitting on the other side of me, got up to see them, and there was a murmur of applause, which is unusual at a durbar. Runjeet asked if G. had any request to make to him; and G. said only one more, that he would occasionally wear the ring he was going to put on his finger, and he produced the ring, made of one immense diamond, that was sent up

from Calcutta on speculation. It nearly covered Runjeet's little finger, and it was quite odd to see the effect it had on the old man. He raised himself quite up, and called for a candle to put behind it, and seemed quite taken by surprise; and the gentlemen said, that they overheard all the Sikhs commenting on the generosity of the Governor-General, and the *real* friendship he must have for the Maharajah to give him such presents. Runjeet took a most tender farewell of us; and so now that is done.

Monday, Dec. 30.

After church, yesterday, Runjeet sent his treasures down with his great diamond, 'the Light of the World,' which I did not see when the others saw it. It is very large, but not very bright. There were also some immense emeralds, some of those we had seen on the horses, and some enormous rubies. It was a curious sight. G.'s presents, however, looked very handsome, even amongst all these; and the treasurer said, Runjeet had had them in the morning to show to his chiefs, and that some of them had advised him to have the *grapes* made into a rosary, but he said, he never would have it al-

tered; it should always be shown as a proof of the Governor-General's generosity, just as he gave it to him. The ring, which did not cost so much, the Sikhs, however, value still more.

In the afternoon, E. and I went to pay our visit to Mrs. Shere Singh. Shere Singh thought it had been given up, and has been teasing E.'s heart out about it. It would have been ill-natured not to go, and, moreover, we should have missed a very pretty sight. We have never been to any of their tents. Pertâb came to fetch us. The tents are very near ours, and very showy-looking, all red and white stripes.

We were received with a very noisy salute, and all his own goorcherras, in their fancy dresses, were drawn up on each side of some fine shawl carpets. Shere Singh was a mass of gold and jewels himself, and it was a fine sight to see him come to the entrance, with all his people about him.

We went first to a little tent, where we left E. and the two aides-de-camp, and which was fitted up very like an English drawing-room, full of plate, and musical-boxes, and china. I suppose the French officers have taught him how to arrange a room; indeed, General A. brought

him most of the things. He went into an inner tent, and fetched out two wives, Pertâb's mother, who is the chief ranee, and a second wife, who was immensely fat, and rather ugly; but Pertâb's mother was one of the prettiest little creatures I ever saw, very like Jenny Vertpré, but with the longest almond-eyes in the world, and with hands like a little child's. They were dressed just like Runjeet's ranees, but were much more talkative, and we stayed a long time with them, Rosina interpreting. I told her that Shere Singh had made me a present of Pertâb, and that I hoped she would let me take him to England. And she took it seriously; the tears came into those large eyes, and she said, 'You have other amusements, and you are going back to your own country; there are four of us, and our only happiness is to see Pertâb; in another country he would be as dead!' and then she put her little arms round him, and kissed him, and the other fat wife gave him a hug, and said she should die without him. The mother looked like a little girl herself. They gave us splendid presents, much finer than any of Runjeet's, and showed off all their own nicknackeries, and wanted us very much to come again, but we march

to-morrow. I should like to see some of these high-caste ladies several times, without all this nonsense of presents, &c., but so as to hear their story, and their way of life, and their thoughts. She did not seem at all afraid of Shere Singh, which is very unusual, and I believe does not see much of him.

New Year's Day.

There! we left Lahore yesterday, we have made two marches, and shall cross the river in four more; and now it appears this post is to go only eighteen days after the last. This a good day for winding up a journal.

CHAPTER IV.

Camp, near the Sutlej, Sunday, Jan. 6, 1839.

I HAVE allowed myself my accustomed four days' rest after sending off my journal, and it comes just at a good time. We have had only our common marches to make from Lahore, and no break except that afforded by Shere Singh and little Pertâb, who were again sent with us by the Maharajah, to see us safe across the river, and who were by way of being very sentimental at parting with us. I believe, however, our dear friend Shere is as great a rogue as may well be —at least, like all courtiers under a despotic king, he is full of intrigue and falseness, being always on the watch to provide for his own safety. He is also very extravagant, and has to go through a course of constant makeshifts to keep himself afloat.

There are various ways of getting one's debts paid in various countries. Shere Singh is out of favour with the Maharajah; but the other day

Runjeet put a pea on the point of a spear, and told all the sirdars to shoot at it from a considerable distance. Shere Singh hit it at the first shot, and Runjeet gave him six villages; and it is always by some feat of that kind, that they wring a gratuity from the old man. Shere brought one evening a beautiful pair of shawls, such as are only made for the females of the Singh family, and gave them to F. and me, begging that we would really keep them and wear them, and nothing was to be given in exchange for them. I am sure we had fairly earned them by having him at dinner almost every day for a month; but, however, we handsomely added them to the public stock, and as soon as a committee of shawl merchants has sat on them, we are to buy them. The melancholy catastrophe of the week has been the death of F.'s Lemur, after two days of illness. It caught cold, like the rest of the camp, in that swamp at Lahore, and died of inflammation in the stomach, so violent that no medicine was of the slightest use. Poor little wretch! it was hardly possible to bear its screams at times; though as F. could not stand it, I did my auntly duties to it to the last. It is really a great loss, it was such a

clever, little animal, and she made such a constant occupation of it, that she misses it much, and is in a very low state. I own, I miss it too, and then its illness has been so shocking. It had such cramps, and held out its little black hands (which are shaped exactly like ours) to be rubbed, and cried just like a child. That is the worst of a nice pet. However, they are a great amsement for the time they last, and there is on an average at least a year's pleasure for a week's grief. A natural death, too, is an uncommon termination to the life of a pet, and Dr. D. did everything that could be done for it.

Moothea, Jan. 9.

We left the Sutlej on Monday, and are halting to-day. Our dear friend Mr. C., of Umballa, laid out such a long march for us yesterday, that all the cattle are knocked up. We rode about twice the distance we intended to have done, which was no joke. Luckily he had his doubts about the villany of the proceeding, and had provided provisions for two days, so that we were able to stop a day. This is a shocking country for robberies. It belongs to nobody in particular, and the inhabitants avowedly live by

plunder. Last night they took two pittarrahs belonging to one of the clerks, and beat the sepoy who was guarding them dreadfully. They also robbed and beat a camel suwar who was bringing us letters from Ferozepore.

Thursday, Jan. 10.

We had another very long march, and found on arriving at the advanced camp that there had been another robbery. Some of Mr. ——'s boxes were taken and some belonging to an officer, whose kitmutgar was cut by a sabre across the chest. The poor sepoy is dead, who was so beaten. The servants are in a shocking state of fright, though it is a little their own fault, if they are robbed. At two in the afternoon, one set of them go on with all the stores, wine, grain, &c., and a strong guard; and we have settled to send our precious imperials, camel trunks, &c., by day-light. At nine in the evening, all the plate, dinner things, furniture, a great many tents, and the servants that will be wanted in the morning go with an escort. If they stray away, they are instantly robbed. All the rest come in the morning with us, when there are four regiments on the road, so that is quite safe. To-night Colonel —— is

going to send the fourth cavalry to patrol the road. These little warlike precautions are becoming interesting.

Moothee, Friday, Jan. 11.

Worse and worse; when we came up to the advanced camp, the servants declared there had been an *engagement*. I think we are doing more business than ever the army will do in Cabul. Our great battle of Mootheesund was fought in the night, which makes it curious as a matter of history. Four sepoys were guarding a train of pittarrahs. The inhabitants of the village (as was perhaps to be expected) wished to appropriate their contents. A hundred men attacked the four sepoys; the sepoys naturally screamed; the cavalry came up; the hundred men ran away; cavalry, sepoys, and pittarrah bearers all joined in the pursuit; the thieves ran home, and, I suppose, went to bed; and our forces brought off the jemadar of the village, who says he had nothing to do with it, and he wishes they would let him go again.

Budhoo, Saturday, Jan. 12.

We had a nice, short march this morning, just ten miles. I am quite able to ride again now, which lessens the fatigue materially; and I

believe it is now universally allowed that my horse is entirely faultless. Of course it cannot be so in fact, but it has every appearance of it at present. It is beautiful, and it does not kick nor bite, which all the others do, nor stumble as most Arabs do, nor pull, nor dawdle. I am so obliged to it. I hate a vicious horse, don't you? and you cannot guess how troublesome they are in this country.

Tuesday, Jan. 15.

This morning we went half-way in the carriage and then got on elephants, to meet the Rajah of Putteealah, whose territories we enter to-day. His son came last night to meet G. He is a fine-looking boy, about eighteen. Mr. E. says that the usual custom among the Sikhs is, that once grown up, a boy ceases to be a son, or a brother, that he becomes an *individual*, bound only to take care of himself; but the Putteealah Rajah has broken through this system, and has kept his son in his own palace, under his own control. Last night was the first time he had ever slept from under his father's roof. He had a grey-bearded tutor, who never left his side, and an immense suite. Mr. E. says, father and son are on excellent terms. The Rajah's procession was

beautiful; not so large as some of Runjeet's, but more regularly handsome, as all his followers were equally well dressed, and their riding was very striking. Runjeet's men cannot ride at all. Some of the men we saw this morning put their horses into a gallop and then stood up on their saddles, stooping down to the right and left to cut away the weeds with their swords, very much what people do at Astley's, only there the horses go round in a circle, which makes it more easy. Here, there is not even a made road. Another man would ride up and fire off his matchlock at a friend and then throw himself on the side of his horse, hanging only by one stirrup, till his pursuer had returned the fire, and then he would rise up again and stop his horse with the greatest ease. Two little dwarfs rode before the Rajah. We had them here this afternoon to draw, and gave them two shawls, which pleased him much. He knows the rules about presents in the Company's service, and when he and Mr. E. were coming to the Durbar in the evening, he saw these dwarfs strutting along with their shawls on. He asked where they got them from; they said the lady Sahib gave them: upon which the Rajah turned round to his Sikh and asked,

'May they keep them?' and then laughed with Mr. E. at his knowing exactly what the English would say. This evening the Bombay extra arrived with news to the 27th of October; all good news.

Wednesday, Jan. 16.

Besides the overland letters this has been a great day of *idle* business for G. and his staff. F. and I left the camp at the usual time, and a bitter nasty day it was; a regular thick Indian fog. We rode most part of the way with Captain X. and —— 'Frump,' Esq., as we always call him, not but what he is rather a pleasant man, but he *frumps* things in general, and wears a rough coat and stern-looking gloves, and never can see the fun of anything, and his name begins with an F., so I think it very likely he was christened 'Frump.' He was remarkably frumpish with the fog, which almost blinded us till the sun rose. The unhappy G. remained with his staff to breakfast at seven, and then set off in full dress to return Putteealah's visit. He gave them magnificent presents, amongst others a horse with a gold howdah, and caparisoned like an elephant, and it sticks out its leg for the rider to mount by just as an elephant does. The little howdah

would make Chance's establishment quite complete, but the idea of presenting it to him has not yet crossed C.'s mind apparently. From that Durbar they came on to the camp, and were met by the old Rajah of Nabun, a Sikh chief, and a fine-looking old creature, and he brought G. home. Then they dressed, and at two, had to *full-dress* again for a Durbar to this old creature, and he asked G. to bring us in the evening to see his garden, so the gentlemen had to put on their uniforms a third time. Towards dusk, young Nabun (Nabun junior) came to fetch us, and we all scuttled along on elephants to a very ugly dilapidated garden, lit up in an elaborate manner, where the old man met us, but could hardly walk from age. A. and Mr. C. kept charging G. on no account to sit down, as the Rajah was not of sufficient rank to receive a visit from the Governor-General, and G. kept declaring that he knew he should sit down at last, so he might as well do it at once. However, they would not hear of it, but kept walking him about; and the old man went up into a garden house to rest, while the son did the honours. Then G. would go up to this house, and then up the steps, A. and C. objurgating him

all the while; then the cunning old Nabun asked him to look at the paintings in the room. A. and C. grew desperate, and said the pictures were very improper. G. declared they were very pretty; and so we all went in and found a whole row of chairs, and a select assortment of Nautch girls. G. sank down on one side of the Rajah and told me to sit on the other, and so ended the advice of A. and C., and Nabun now thinks himself as good as Putteealah. That is the great result of this great measure, and C.'s hurt feelings were soothed by a pair of diamond bracelets that the old man gave me, and which I delivered to him. A large display of fireworks took place, and we came home in the dark.

Thursday, Jan. 17.

A rainy miserable sort of day, but not bad enough to prevent the tents from moving. We had several of the camp to dinner. St. Cloup is longing for our arrival at Kurnaul, that he may vary his cookery a little. We cannot kill a cow in the face of all these Sikhs, and at Simla the natives do not like it; so it is a long time since we have had the luxury of a beef-steak or a veal cutlet.

CHAPTER V.

Soonair, Friday, Jan. 18, 1839.

We halt here till Monday. There is a great gathering of petty chiefs, and our arrival was very pretty. Each man came on his elephant, with a few wild followers on horseback, some with a second elephant, and they all scramble up to G., every individual giving him a bow and arrows, or a matchlock. His hand was soon full, then his howdah was hung with them; the hirkaru behind was buried in bows; then they boiled over into our howdahs, and at every break in the road a fresh chief and more bows appeared.

At last we came to Mr. E. bringing the Nahun Rajah. Don't you in your ignorance go and confound him with the old *Nabun* Rajah. This is the Nahun chief whom we visited last year in the hills, and who is very gentleman-like and civilised. I have found out why I was so glad to see him again. He has light blue eyes, and after three years of those enormous black

beads the natives habitually see with, these were mild and refreshing. They all brought us to the camp in a drizzling rain, which came on to a pour in the course of the day, and a wretched business it always is. All the servants and camp followers look so miserable and catch such bad colds. I thought when we were at Nabun that an old man, a sort of prime minister of the Rajah's, would make a good drawing, and I told him so; and to-day he arrived, having made two marches to have the picture drawn. He gave me his matchlock, which I asked Captain D. to return with the usual speech, that it was much better in his hands than mine; but the old man said no; it was a particularly good matchlock; he had shot with it very often, and I should not easily find so good a one, so C. gave me a watch to present to him in exchange, which quite delighted him. While Captain L. E. was gone to fetch the watch, the old man took the opportunity to question my jemadar about our habits, and I understood enough of the language to make out that he was asking how many times we eat in the day. The natives generally only eat once, but I believe they think our way of eating at several different times rather grand;

at all events, the jemadar did not omit a spoonful, and it was rather shocking to hear how many times in the day we were fed, beginning with the cup of coffee before marching; and the afternoon cup of tea sounded wrong and *waste-not-want-not-ish.* However the old sirdar said it was all 'wah wah'—excellent, to be able to eat so much.

Saturday, Jan. 19.

There was rather a pretty Durbar this morning — two hundred of those Sikh chiefs who gave our great Apollo his bows yesterday; and as they were only shown in by fives and sixes, it made a very long Durbar, and we went over to make a sketch of it. I never can make a likeness of G. to my mind, and yet there is always a look of your M. in my drawings of him, so there must be a likeness somehow, either in the sketches or in G. and M. That gentleman-like Nahun Rajah made Mr. A. bring him all across the tent to shake hands with F. and me, all owing to his blue eyes. Nobody with black eyes would have dreamed of so European an idea. G. went out shooting this afternoon. There are heaps of partridges and quails in this part of the country.

I thought of going out too, with my match-

lock, only C. has claimed it for the Company. We had a large dinner to-day, forty-five; all the officers of the cavalry and artillery who leave us on Monday. One or two of them got particularly drunk. They say some of them are always so, more or less, but it happened to be *more* this evening.

Sunday, Jan. 20.

Mr. Y. set off after church to go back to Simla for his wife's *accouchement*. He will go scrambling up to Simla in a shorter time than the post goes. He borrows a horse here, and rides a camel there, and the Putteealah Rajah is to lend him a palanquin; and he set off with some cold dinner in one hand and 'Culpepper's Midwifery' in the other, which he borrowed of Dr. D. at the last minute. He is very pleasant and amusing; more like R. than ever.

Such a pleasure! a letter from the agent at Calcutta to say a box of millinery has arrived at the Custom House per 'Robert Small.' Mine, to a certainty! It has been rather more than seven months making its voyage, and will be three more coming to the hills. I think it is about the last great invoice for which I shall trouble you. Calcutta may provide itself for the last few months;

and my next order will be for a pelisse and bonnet, &c., at *Portsmouth.* Good!

Monday, Jan. 21.

Rather a long march; and that generally brings a large riding party together at the end; and once more W. and I had one of our hysterical fits of laughter at the extraordinary folly of a march. We feel so certain that people who live in houses, and get up by a fire at a reasonable hour and then go quietly to breakfast, would think us raving mad, if they saw nine Europeans of steady age and respectable habits, going galloping every morning at sunrise over a sandy plain, followed by quantities of black horsemen, and then by ten miles of beasts of burden carrying things which, after all, will not make the nine madmen even decently comfortable. We have discovered that a mad doctor is coming out here, and we think it must be a delicate attention of yours; but when he sees us ride into Rag Fair every morning, for no other reason than that we have left another Rag Fair ten miles behind, I am sure he will say he can do us no good. It is very kind of you to have sent him, but we are incurable, thank you, and as long as we are left at large, we shall go about in

this odd way. There is your missing September letter, with T.'s and E.'s dear journals. It went to Calcutta, and came with the October packet. Newsalls sounds very delightful, and I mean to live there constantly, and to see a great many cricket matches. How very disagreeable that Sister should look so young. I look much older now, than she did when we came away, so we shall never know which of us ought to respect the other.

Tuesday, Jan. 22.

We are more mad than ever! At least we have got ourselves into one of those scrapes that mad people do. There is a wretched little rivulet, a thing not so big as that ditch by old Holledge's, at Elmer's End, which we were to have crossed this morning. This little creek, which is quite dry ten months of the year, and at the best of times is only called the Gugga, suddenly chose to rise in the night, and there is now seven feet of water in it, which puts crossing out of the question. There is only one boat, and a helpless magistrate on the other side.

The cavalry and the artillery who left us yesterday will be of course stopped by the same river higher up, and Mr. C. has sent to carry off

their one boat too; and in the meantime we are at a dead lock. Luckily, there is very good shooting here. I could not imagine this morning why Wright did not come to dress me after the bugles sounded, and I kept sending message after message to her, with a sort of wild idea that everybody would march, and I should be left lying in bed in the middle of this desert, with nothing to put on, and no glass to dress by; a sort of utter destitution.

The hirkaru who slept in the tent happened to speak no English, so I never understood a word of the long Hindustani speeches he kept screaming through the partitions, and at last Wright came, cold and sleepy. 'Law, ma'am, did not you know the river was full, and we can't go? and all the things have come back, except the kitchen things, so I thought you would like a good sleep.' Luckily the kitchen recrossed before breakfast-time.

Noodeean, Thursday, Jan. 24.

That little ditch the Gugga is quite pompous with twenty feet of water, and it has been dry for three years, and was nearly so on Monday, so we are just a day too late. We moved eight

miles nearer to it merely for the love of moving, and are now at Noodeean—evidently a corruption of Noodleland, or the land to which we noodles should come. I want to leave the last camp standing, and to march backwards and forwards between the two; it would be just as good as any other Indian tour. We came on elephants to this place, careering wildly over the country, that the gentlemen might shoot; there never was anything like the tribes of quails and partridges, but it is very difficult to shoot them from an elephant. The Hotty goes lumbering on, and it is just a chance whether the gun that is pointed at a hare on the ground, is not jerked up so as to kill a rock pigeon overhead. G. killed ten quails, which was more than anybody else did. Rajah Hindu Rao, who is now so habitually with us that we look upon him as a native aide-de-camp, took pains to miss, I think, that he might not seem to shoot better than G.

In the afternoon G. went out on foot with Captain X. and shot an antelope, which is really a great feat. There is a Mr. N., the magistrate to whom we rightfully belong to-day, and who ought to be wringing his hands constantly, and plying eternally between our camp and the

river, a victim to remorse that he has not made a bridge of boats in time; instead of which, N.'s tents are seen in the distance the other side of the water, and he never stirs from them, and all the notice he has taken of us is a message that perhaps he had better go back and prepare for us at Hansi, as there seems little chance of our crossing for a week. We tell Mr. C. that if he had been N. this never would have happened. He has got two boats from those unhappy regiments up the river, and moreover he has succeeded to-day in recovering great part of Mrs. B.'s stolen property, her bracelets and some of her gowns, which have been *buried* in some Sikh village, and I fancy are not the better for the operation. The thieves have been sent up to Runjeet, and his justice is rather severe, I am afraid.

C. set off yesterday with all his clerks and establishment, and writes word that by making the villagers work all night, he has passed them all, except the camels, who detest water and will not swim. X. and A. went off this afternoon to pass our goods, and W. went in the evening.

Friday, Jan. 25.

We marched this morning, that is, we rode five miles to this wicked little Gugga, which is not forty yards wide and yet gives us all this trouble. Captain S. overtook us half-way, and said he had been detained by finding Wright and Jones at the last camp left without any conveyance. Their elephant, by some mistake, had been sent on to the ghaut, and all the usual spare resources had been sent away last night, so he found them *walking*. He sent them his elephant as soon as he could overtake it, but they had walked two miles, much to the wonder of the natives.

I never saw such a scene as the ghaut—such a conglomeration of carts, sepoys, bullocks, trunks, &c., and 600 camels, who would not go any way. About 200 had been coaxed over. F. and I went down there after luncheon, and sat on the shore to see the fun. W., X., P. and L. E. had each taken the command of one of the boats; and with one European, the natives work very well. They each had on their broad white feather hats to keep off the sun, and a long stick to keep the people from crowding into the boats, and looked like pictures of slave drivers,

and were screaming and gesticulating, and hauling packages in and out. The only way of passing the camels was by tying six of them in a string to the tail of an elephant, who then swam across dragging them all after him. They did so hate it! I suppose it must be much the same as we should feel if we were dragged through a bed of hot sand, which is what the camels really love. The water was like a deep canal, nothing was to be seen of the elephant but his trunk, and the mahout standing on his back holding on like grim death by the elephant's ears. The hackeries were pushed into the water, some of them very high covered carts, but they disappeared instantly, and were dragged under the water; then if they stuck anywhere, a dear, good, elephant would go in and rake about and push them along with his great hard head. A little further up, there might be seen a troop of bullocks refusing to take the water, and at last driven in, and their owners swimming behind and holding on by their tails. This has been going on ever since Tuesday morning. Captain P. and his sergeant have not had their clothes off for three days, and look thoroughly exhausted. The tent pitchers have also been at

work in the water for three days. What I hate most in a camp is the amount of human and brute suffering it induces; luckily there were no lives lost this time, an elephant picked up one little boy who was drowning. Webb's tame bear was nearly lost, and when he got into the boat, he turned round to X. and said, 'I hope, sir, Miss Eden seed me a saving of my bear, it would make such a pretty *skitch*.' The villain N. met us at the ghaut, and came to visit us in the morning—not the least ashamed of himself—but he is by no means an unpolished *jungle-man*, rather the contrary, jolly and pleasant, only that he has nearly forgotten his English. He laughs like that Dr. G. we used to know, and says with a great 'Ho! ho! ho!' 'If it had not been an inconvenience on account of supplies, it is just as well you should have been stopped in this way. You ought to see the hard-*ships* of a camp life.' I wonder what the ships of a camp life are, which are not *hard*-ships?

CHAPTER VI.

Saturday, Jan. 26, 1839.

We made our march this morning, but found all the people who had been obliged to come on last night so knocked up that I have persuaded G. to give up his intention of marching to-morrow. We seldom have marched on Sunday, and this is a bad time to begin. In short, it was nearly impossible. The sergeant who lays out the advanced camp is in bed with fever from fatigue.

Wednesday, Jan. 30.

It is four days since I have been able to write. I was 'took so shocking bad' with fever on Sunday, caught, it is supposed, at that river-side —that eternal Gugga. Captain L. E. was seized just in the same way, and several of the servants, so we all say we caught it there; but it is all nonsense—every inch of the plains in India has its fever in it, only there is not time to catch them all. I think the Gugga fever is remark-

ably unpleasant, and I did not know that one head and one set of bones could hold so much pain as mine did for forty-eight hours. But one ought to be allowed a change of bones in India: it ought to be part of the outfit. I hope it is over to-night; but as things are, I and L. E., with Captain C. and the doctor, are going straight to Hansi to-morrow—only a short march of ten miles, thereby saving ourselves two long marches of sixteen miles, which G. makes to Hissar, and giving ourselves a halt of three days to repair our shattered constitutions.

It is so absurd to hear people talk of their fevers. Mr. M. was to have joined us a month ago, but unfortunately caught 'the Delhi fever' coming up: he is to be at Hansi. Z. caught 'the Agra fever' coming up; hopes to be able to join us at Hansi, but is doubtful. Then N., our Hansi magistrate, looks with horror at Hansi: he has suffered and still suffers so much from 'that dreadful Hansi fever.' I myself think 'the Gugga fever' a more awful visitation, but that is all a matter of opinion. Anyhow, if N. wished us to know real hardship, fever in camp is about the most compendious definition of intense misery I know. We march early each morn-

ing; so after a racking night—and I really can't impress upon you the pain in my *Indian* bones —it was necessary at half-past five—just when one might by good luck have fallen asleep—to get up by candle-light and put on bonnet and cloak and —— one's *things* in short, to drive over *no* road. I went one morning in the palanquin, but that was so slow, the carriage was the least evil of the two. Then on arriving, shivering all over, we were obliged to wait two hours till the beds appeared; and from that time till ten at night, I observed by my watch that there was not one minute in which they were not knocking tent-pins, they said into the ground, but by mistake they all went into my head—I am sure of it, and am convinced that I wear a large and full wig of tent-pins. Dr. D. put leeches on me last night, and I am much better to-day. L. E. is of course ditto: the Gugga fevers are all alike.

Hansi, Friday, Feb. 1.

I went to sleep at last last night, and am much better to-day; but I see what N. means about Hansi. Such a place!—not, poor thing! but that it may be a charming residence in fine weather; but we have had such a wet day. It

began to pour in the night. I am very glad I resisted G.'s offer of giving me half the horses and the shut carriage, for I suspect even with all the horses they will have had some difficulty in making out their long march. Such a road as ours was! —nearly under water. I started in my palanquin, but after the first three miles the bearers could hardly get on at all; they stuck and they slipped, and they helped each other into holes and handed each other out again, but altogether we did not get on. Captain P. was to have driven me the last half of the way in his buggy; and as his elephant was like my bearers—slipping and sticking—we sent on one of the guards for the buggy, and contrived to get on very well in that. When we came to what is nominally called 'the ground,' it looked like a very fine lake, in which my tent and the durbar tent and Dr. D.'s were all that were not standing in the water. P. and the jemadar carried me in a chair into mine, and there I was left alone in my glory. He and L. E. took the durbar tent, their own tents having a foot of water in them.

Captain D. went to live with his brother, who has a bungalow here, which he very kindly offered me. It is pouring so again to-night that

I wish I had taken it; but then if I had carried off the cook and the dining-tables and the lamps, &c., I thought the aides-de-camp would be wretched, and L. E. is not well enough to go out; but to be sure these tents! If it were not for the real misery to so many people, the incidents of the day would have been rather amusing. There is not of course a tent for the servants, so they are living in the khenauts (the space between the outer covering and the lining of our three tents), and there are thirty sleeping in my outer room, if room it may be called. The difficulties went on increasing. W.'s greyhounds, ten of them, were standing where his tent (now at Hissar) usually is, and the men said they would die, so we put them in the khenauts and told the dogs that they must not bark and the men that they must not cough, and hitherto they have been very quiet. My syce came to tell P. that my horse was not used to stand out all day in the rain, and that if it did Mr. Webb would kill him. I should assist at the execution, though how the poor syce could help it I don't quite see. I would have given Orelio my own blankets willingly and put him to bed with my own nightcap on, but unluckily the bed did not come till the afternoon, and was

then a perfect sponge. However, we lodged the horse somehow. Then F. had two Barbary goats, which she had ordered on the lemur's death, thinking they were pretty, soft, hairy things, instead of which there arrived two days ago, large, smooth *bleak*-looking English goats. However, she told me to take the greatest care of them when they came up. At twelve, a coolie without a stitch of clothes on, walked in with a Barbary kid on his back, stiff and stark. No interpreter at hand, so where the mother was, remained a mystery. F. might have fancied to her dying hour that I had let her Barbary goats die—nobody ever thinks their children or pets are properly taken care of; so I set off rubbing, and made my two boys, Soobratta and Ameer, rub the kid too, and we poured hot things down its throat. We should have been worth millions to the Humane Society, but the kid would not come to. Then I made them dig a hole in the outer tent and put charcoal in it, and when it was quite hot we took out the charcoal and put in the kid —just like singing a pig; but it was a bright idea and quite cured it. Just as we had got the little brute on its legs, the mother was brought in, and we went through the same process with

her. When they were quite well, they were also sent to sleep in the khenauts.

The bandsmen, who are chiefly Europeans, came to say they had no shelter. 'Sleep in the khenauts,' was the only answer; and we gave them what remained of our dinner, for the kitchen was under water. Mr. —— arrived, and I asked him to dinner too. It is fine to-day, and the tents came up in the middle of the night. We have got a paper of the 24th November, so the overland has arrived, and G. will bring us some letters to-morrow.

Saturday, Feb. 2.

And he has brought plenty—your's and E.'s journals amongst others.

Mahem, Tuesday, Feb. 5.

I was taken with a worse attack of ague than ever, as I was writing to you on Saturday, and was obliged to go to bed for two days. Luckily it went off just before marching time yesterday morning, and I am taking narcotine at all convenient hours. I believe it is a remedy that has been invented in this country—at all events introduced, by Dr. O'Shaughnessy. Dr. D. has tried it in many cases, and it has never failed

where the patients can bear it, but it makes many people quite giddy and delirious. I do not mind it at all, and am much better to-day. Two of our bearers, old servants, are dying of cholera from that last wetting.

CHAPTER VII.

Wednesday, Feb. 6, 1839.

ANOTHER rainy night, and we have come on to another sloppy encampment, and I am sorry to say those bearers, and two more, have died of cholera to-day, all owing to the wet, Dr. D. says. The magistrate here has politely offered us his house to-morrow, and as Captain P. sends back word he cannot find dry ground for half the dripping tents, U. Hall will be a God-send.

Thursday, Feb. 7.

Dear U.! such a nice, dry, solid house. I suppose it would strike us as small on common occasions, but it looks to me now like the dryest, best built, most solid little palace I ever inhabited, what people call 'quite Palladian.' I rather like hitting myself a good hard knock against the thick solid walls, and then the pleasure of walking along the hard floor without fur

slippers and without hearing the ground *squelch*! The quiet, too, is worth its weight in gold (though how it is to be weighed I don't quite know).

F. and W. went out coursing this evening. G. was detained by letters just as he and I were going out, so I thought it would be polite and sent to ask U. to go out with X. and me; and he brought me a little wooden cup of his own turning with which I was obliged to be quite delighted, in fact I was; it was a very good little cup, and then he said, 'I did it from recollection of the famous vase in the Vatican. Does it remind you of Rome?' I could luckily say I had never been there, but I am not very sure that that little box-wood cup and the mud walls of U.'s house would naturally have brought Rome into my mind.

Sunday evening, Feb. 10.

We went into our tents again on Friday, with a long march of fifteen miles. The tents were still damp. By twelve o'clock I began to shiver, tried to go out in the afternon and came back in a regular shake, had a horrid night, and after yesterday morning's march was obliged to go to bed again with violent head-ache and fever. It has gone off this afternoon, and the day's

halt has been a great mercy; but Dr. D. says, he does not think I shall get well in a camp, it disagrees so utterly with me. G. has ascertained there are four good rooms in the Residency at Delhi, which is never occupied now, so X. has gone on with my furniture and servants, and to-morrow I am going to drive straight on there; the camp will come to Delhi on Tuesday. I shall only be half a mile from them, but out of the noise and in a dry house. I have grown just like that *shaking* wife of 'Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaws.'

Monday, Feb. 11.

I made out my double march most successfully with three relays of horses. X. rode out to the other camp to show me the way in; he had had all the broken windows glazed, and Mrs. B. had sent curtains; the rooms look very clean and nice. The house stands in a small shady park, with a nice garden, and the quiet is delightful. I went to sleep directly after breakfast and am better, thank you. W. came on to Delhi to set all his shooting expedition going, and he dines here with X. and Dr. D. who are encamped in the court-yard, and they will drink tea with me. I often think of former

days and of being ill at Bower Hall and at Langley, with you and L. taking all the trouble of it, and that it is done in a different *method* now—X. coming in when I am in my dressing-gown on the sofa, to ask about the numberless articles that a crowded camp necessitates and saying, 'I have had relays of bearers for Rosina, because I should like her to be there with me, that she may show me how to arrange your rooms; and is there any particular diet the khansamah should provide? I shall send on the young khansamah, he says he knows what you like; and when I am gone, Captain L. E. begs you will send to him, if you think of anything that will make you more comfortable.'

It is very good of them, poor dears! and I think I give them a great deal of trouble; but then I never meant when I came into the world to be nursed by all these young gentlemen. It cannot be helped; everything in India must be done by men. Giles is very useful on these occasions, and what people do without an English man-servant, I can't guess.

Tuesday, Feb. 12.

This must go. Such a volume! it may as well go to the Admiralty. G. and F. arrived

at the camp this morning, and F. is sitting here. They are only half a mile off, but Dr. D. has made up his mind that I shall not go near the camp till all parties and dinners are over. G. is going to drive me out this afternoon.

Residency, Delhi, Monday, Feb. 18.

I have been staying here a week to-day, with some degree of success, though I had a great deal of fever yesterday. F. went over yesterday with three or four of the sketching gentlemen to the Kootûb and comes back to-morrow. Dr. D. would not let me go when it came to the time, and indeed it was impossible, as it turned into a fever day, but I should have liked to see it again. I heard from F. to-day, and she says, it is more beautiful than ever, and that they shall stay till to-morrow afternoon, for they have found such quantities of sketching to do. It is certainly *the* place in the plains I should like to live at. It has a feeling about it of 'Is not this great Babylon?' all ruins and desolation except a grand bit, or two of magnificence kept up by the King. Then, in the modern way there are nice drives, and a considerable congregation of shawl merchants and jewellers.

Our agate mania still continues, and there is no end to the curiosities that have been brought to light, or the price to which they have risen. They have been a great amusement, as I have not been able to sketch, and altogether this is rather a comfortable life for India. F. comes here for two hours in the morning. Captain X. and Dr. D. superintend breakfast and luncheon. At four G. always comes, and we take a drive, and then, after six, I grow feverish and am glad to be quiet till bed-time; and there is a little undercurrent all the morning of W. O. and Captain L. E., and agates and presents of flowers, &c. Major J. and Captain T. have come over to see us, indeed the whole plain is dotted with the tents of people who have come to see G.; he says he never had so many applicants before.

Tuesday, Feb. 19.

W. set off this morning on his tiger shooting expedition. It has failed in some respects. General E. is ordered off to join Sir S. R. at Bombay, and G. cannot give leave to a Mr. H. here, who is a great tiger hunter; but he has a chance of another friend, and our native ally Hindû Rao is going with him, or rather after

him, for he says he cannot possibly leave Delhi till the Lord Sahib goes, and every afternoon Hindû Rao comes to the door with the carriage, and trots by its side all the way, in his purple satin dress, and with his spear and shield. He says, he knows G. likes him, and he also knows the reason—that he has nothing to ask for. He is very rich, and manages his money very well; and he likes G., because he says 'he is real gentleman, as well as a Governor-General, and treats other people as if they were gentlemen too.'

Such a tea-pot to-day!—green serpentine, with a running pattern of small rubies set in it. Much too lovely!

F. came back this afternoon, rather tired, but says the ruins are all beautiful.

Wednesday.

I have had two Delhi miniature painters here, translating two of my sketches into ivory, and I never saw anything so perfect as their copy of Runjeet Singh. Azim, the best painter, is almost a genius; except that he knows no perspective, so he can only copy. He is quite mad about some of my sketches, and as all miniatures of well-known characters

sell well, he has determined to get hold of my book.

There is a fore-shortened elephant with the Putteealah Rajah in the howdah, that particularly takes his fancy. However I do not want them to be common, so I cut out of the book those that I wish to have copied, and I never saw a native so nearly in a passion as he was, because he was not allowed the whole book. Their miniatures are so soft and beautiful. F. has had your likeness of my father copied.

Camp, Thursday, Feb. 21.

I was quite sorry to leave the residency yesterday, all the more so, from my ague having been particularly severe last night; it is very odd that nothing will cure it. However we shall be at Simla in three weeks, and there was a good deal of rain again last night, which is against ague.

Friday.

We had such a frightful thunder-storm last night for three hours, with rain that might have drowned us all; I never heard such a clatter. *Our* tents stood it very well, but a great many tents were beat down and all the

servants' tents were full of water. Luckily this advanced camp escaped great part of the storm, and the tents are much drier than those we left. This not good weather for ague; it goes lingering on, and they say will do so, till I get to the hills. I keep very quiet, but I shall be glad to be settled at Simla. You know I never could quite understand the Psalms, but I see what David means when he says, 'Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar.' Mesech I think he was wrong about. I should have no objection to dwell with him in a good house of his own, but the tents of Kedar are decidedly very objectionable and 'woe-is-me-ish;' double-poled tents, I have no doubt, and lined with buff and green.

Sunday, Feb. 24.

The idea of the December mail arriving this morning; letters of the 26th, less than two months old.

'Oliver Twist' we have read, doled out in monthly parts nearly to the end, and I like it very much—but 'Nicholas Nickleby' still better. We have left off there, at Miss Petowker's marriage, and Mrs. Crummles' walking tragically

up the aisle 'with a step and a stop,' and the infant covered with flowers. There never was such a man as Dickens! I often think of proposing a public subscription for him—'A tribute from India,' and everybody would subscribe. He is the agent for *Europe* fun, and they do not grow much, in this country.

Paniput, Tuesday.

We are progressing every day, but this is the same road we passed over last year, so if there had been anything to say about it, you would not wish me to say it twice over. Mr. —— is with us, remarkably dull; but since I have got him to tell me anecdotes of the Delhi royal family shut up in their high walls, and of all the murders he has known, or suspected, I think the time passes pleasantly, and he goes away early.

I am much better and began dining down again yesterday, and the weather has changed, which they say is to blow away all fevers; but Dr. D. says the hospital is quite full, and the deaths amongst the servants this year have been quite lamentable.

Gornadar, Wednesday, Feb. 27.

L. E. and Z. nearly had a tiff to-day. L. E. has taken charge of the stables since Captain M. went away, and as there are sometimes from sixty to a hundred horses there, while presents are going on from native princes on the march, besides all our own horses, it is like a little regiment occasionally, and L. E. is very gentle and quiet in his manner to the syces and with Webb.

Captain Z. came into my tent this morning, and flung himself into my arm-chair—Mr. D.'s chair, that sacred piece of furniture. I thought it an odd measure, but could not help it, and he began: 'I was just going to say—what a delicious chair this is! such a spring!—I was just going to say that I have been talking to Webb about your open carriage. I understand you want it up here. I think of sending it to Dehra, for, as I told Webb, the oxen can bring it back from Barr,' &c. I looked rather frosty, and said I would think about it and let him know, and put it off; and then he launched out about Paul de Cocq's novels, still seated on that much-loved chair—'my goods, my property, my household stuff.' As soon as he was gone, I got hold of X., who said he too had been surprised,

but thought that perhaps Captain L. E., who is acting for W. in his absence, might have found he had too much to do, and so had made over the stables to Z.

Then L. E. arrived, saying he really had been quite annoyed, happened to be particularly fond of horses, had not a bit too much to do, had found Captain Z. the other day giving orders about the relays for the march, and had therefore taken the liberty of calling the four native coachmen together and desiring them never to take orders from anybody but himself. If Lord A. had chosen to ride that morning there would not have been a riding horse on the line of march; but of course if I had told Captain Z. to take charge of the stables, he would give it up, &c. I said I never told anybody anything, and so I suppose they will settle it between them.

CHAPTER VIII.

Kurnaul, Thursday, Feb. 28, 1839.

We came in this morning with the usual fuss of a cantonment. I always dread coming back to the two or three regiments we have met before, because they are all so excessively astonished we do not know them all again. That would not be possible, but at the same time I feel that it is very stupid I should never know one. This time there is a hope—I always know Colonel S., because he has only one arm; and two of the other regiments went with us to the Punjâb, so we have not had time quite to forget them. L. E. and Z. have evidently 'had it out,' and L. E. has conquered. He was quite as firm as his natural gentleness would allow, at luncheon-time, about all his arrangements. He had heard of a new horse that would be worth looking at. He had sold a pony, found a coach-maker, chosen a lining, rather thought we must have a new open carriage, had made arrangements

for leaving here, my elephant, which has got a rheumatic fever and can't move any one of its poor dear lumps of legs without screaming.

In short, Z. was defeated with great loss. This place looks quite as ugly as it did last year; all barracks and plain, and not a tree in sight. I cannot think how people bear their cantonment life so well as they do.

We have been setting ourselves up with mourning here, for poor ——, and collected all the black goods in the place, consisting of four pairs of black gloves, with a finger or so missing, and a pair of black earrings, which I thought a great catch; and so they were, in fact, I was caught quite out. They had evidently been made for the Indian market, and had only mock hinges and clasps. Nobody could wear them; but they are nice earrings if there were any way into them.

Friday.

We had an immense party last night. There are between sixty and seventy ladies living here—most of them deserted by their husbands, who are gone to Cabul; and they generally shut themselves up, but last night they all agreed to come out. There were some very pretty people among them; that little woman who marched with us

last year, and whom we called 'the little corpse,' came out again more corpse like than ever. The aides-de-camp had been agreeing in the morning to draw lots which of them should dance with her, but afterwards settled it was the business of the junior aide-de-camp; so they introduced Captain Z. to her, and he is in such a rage this morning.

I am sorry to say we heard of an accident to W. O. to-day. We hope it may turn out very slight, but it is alarming to think what it might have been. He and the K.'s had just arrived at Mazuffernuggur, and he was driving their carriage, when a sudden jolt threw him first on the horses and then under the wheel, which went over him just above the left hip. No bone was touched, and there was evidently no internal injury, and General K. said he had had as yet no fever, but of course he must be laid up for a time, and probably will have to give up his shooting party, which will be a sad blow, after having taken so much trouble to organise it.

It must have been a frightful accident to see. 'Mon Dieu! ce que c'est que de nous,' as that old housekeeper at the Château de Bilhère used to say in her odd pâtois. An inch more or less might have been fatal to dear W.

Saturday, March 2.

W. has had a good deal of fever in the night, but wonderfully little pain. The shooting party is, however, quite out of the question; and as the K.'s must be longing to go on with their expedition, we all thought it better that F. should go to take care of W. It is about forty-five miles from here, and it takes twenty-four hours to lay a dâk for that short distance, and then you only average about three miles an hour. One longs for a chaise and four and an inn under these circumstances. A railroad we cannot even understand with our limited locomotive capacities. F. has sent off her tents and baggage, and will go to-morrow with Jones and P. to take care of them. I think poor W. must want some of his own family. G. and F. went to the Station ball last night. F. says there never was anything so amusing as the speeches. A long one about G., and another about F. and me—what we had done for society—added to its gaiety, and raised its tone, &c., &c. I should have thought it was all the other way—that society had lessened *our* gaiety, and lowered our tone, but who knows? there is a change somewhere, it appears.

Sunday, March 3.

A very good account of W. this morning; he writes a few lines himself: the next thing will be that he will go out shooting, so it is lucky F. will be there to stop him. G. had another great dinner yesterday, and then we went to a play that the privates of the artillery had got up, supposing, or rather '*knowing* that we were very fond of theatricals.' They acted very well last year, but this was very much after the fashion of Bottom the Weaver and Snug.

I only stayed through half of it, but F. said the second farce was worse than the first.

F. and P. set off at half-past three to-day. He drove her in his buggy the first sixteen miles, which will save her part of a long dâk journey. She will not have quite thirty miles of palanquin, and will arrive about seven to-morrow morning.

Thanesir, Tuesday, March 6.

We left Kurnaul yesterday morning rather late (at least we call half-past six very late), for there was to be a great procession. All the colonels and various others insisted on riding half-way with G., so he cantered along in the sun, looking very hot, and very much obliged to them, and

casting longing looks at the open carriage at his side. All our aides-de-camp turned back to pass another day at Kurnaul from the half-way halt. Q. alone, guarded by his engagement to Miss U., was enabled to go on steadily to take care of the camp. I never saw anything so happy as the aides-de-camp were at Kurnaul; flirting with at least six young ladies at once, visiting and luncheoning all the morning; then our band played on the course in the afternoon, then there were dinners, balls, plays, &c., and they always contrived to get a late supper somewhere, so as to keep it up till four in the morning. I dare say after four months of marching, during which time they have scarcely seen a lady, that it must be great fun to come back to the dancing and flirtation, which is, as we all know, very considerable amusement at their age. I often think that with us, their lives must be necessarily dull and formal. Colonel T. had asked them all to dinner and music, and they have all come back to-day, having had a charming evening.

C. sung, and Mrs. C. sung, and there was a harp, and a bride, &c. I wish you could see Mrs. ——. She is past fifty—some say near sixty—wears a light-coloured wig with very long

curls floating down her back, and a gold wreath to keep it on, a low gown, and she dances every dance; and her forward step, and side step, with an occasional Prince of Wales step, executed with the greatest precision, gave me sentimental recollections of Jenkins, our dancing master. He would have looked admiringly at Mrs. ——'s performances.

P. got back this afternoon and brought a letter from F., who got over her journey very well. He says W. is really quite well, though very weak; but had begun smoking again, in defiance of the doctor.

They are to begin their march to-morrow, K.'s and all together; W. in a palanquin. The K.'s must have had a horrid fright; the great jolt that threw him off, shook them so, that they did not think of looking at the coach-box, and only thought the horses were going very wildly. The syces stopped the horses, and then told them that W. was lying in the road. They were luckily close to the tent. He spoke at first and then fainted; but he seems to have suffered very little pain. I hope he will not go out shooting; the heat is very great, and will increase every day.

We are going to halt here to-morrow. It is a famous place for Hindu devotion, I believe the most sacred in India; and all the Hindu sepoys of the escort were very anxious for a halt, and a religious *wash* in the tank. G. and I stopped on our way in, to see the tomb, which has that famous temple in its centre, and all our bearers and syces rushed down to the water with great ardour. The Hindu religion has two merits—this constant ablution, and the sacredness of their trees. This place is really pretty from the avenues of peepul trees. It is so long since we have seen a tree, that I am quite glad we are going to stay a day with them; but our Mussulmaun followers will spoil them, they say.

Wednesday, March 7.

And so they have; G. and I went on the elephants yesterday evening to see the town with our dear Mr. C., who took us up again at Kurnaul, and J. and Mr. B. and various others. There was a great deal to see, and just as we were turning towards home, we heard a violent *émeute*, and several Brahmins came running after Mr. C. to say our camel drivers were cutting down the trees, close by their mosque. Mr.

C. had in the morning sent sepoys with the camel drivers to prevent it, so he begged G. would go himself to see justice done. It was a wicked scene. About two hundred camel drivers working away, and three of the finest trees reduced to stumps, and about a thousand Brahmins tearing their hair and screaming, without daring to interfere.

We all flew into violent rages. G. sent off Captain Z. with one party of the body-guard, and he *captured* ten camel drivers and sent them off to the camp. J. always throws out more legs and arms when he talks Hindustani than any other human being, and he looked like an enraged centipede, and finally jumped out of his howdah and began laying about him with one of the despoiled branches. Mr. C. preached with much unction to the Brahmins. Mr. B. looked vinegar at them, but was too Indianised to speak.

The result was, that we took sixteen of the ringleaders, made them leave all the branches they had cut, so that the poor camels will be starved, and marched home in great glory.

Captain D. has levied a fine of a hundrd rupees on the camel men, and paid it to the Brahmins, and

as peepul trees grow again and rupees never do, the Brahmins are comforted.

Thursday, March 8.

We marched this morning only eight miles, which is pleasant; and what is still more so is, that there is a dâk bungalow close to our camp quite empty—not a traveller stirring—so I have my furniture put into it, and am comfortable. The heat of the tents the last three days, has been dreadful, and when I went down to luncheon just now the thermometer was 91° in the largest and coolest tent. X. and P. had some plans to copy for G., and were so giddy they could not see. Q. had the headache. Z. was in bed with fever. The doctor was simply depressed to that degree he could not speak; and even G. thought it would be as well, if this heat lasted, that Dr. D. should give him a black dose just to put by his bedside. Of course there was no necessity for taking it, but he felt a little odd, and it would be as well to have it at hand. J. came back from luncheon quite charmed with this little bungalow, which is as cool as an English hothouse at least, and looks on some beautiful cornfields, and 'the browsing camel bells are tinkling' rather prettily.

I have not lived near the camels except at loading time, and had no idea they could be so quiet and merely tinkling. I have made such a nice little purchase to-day, two little girls of seven years old, rather ugly and one of them dumb, I gave three pounds for the pair, dirt cheap! as I think you will own. They are two little orphans. The natives constantly adopt orphans, either distant relations, or children that they buy, and generally they make no difference between them and their own children, but these little wretches were very unlucky. They belonged to a very bad man, who was serving as a substitute for a sick servant whom we sent back to Calcutta. This man turned out ill and got drunk, upon which all the other Mussulmauns refused to associate with him, and he lost caste altogether. Giles was very anxious to get rid of him, as a drunken Mussulmaun is something so shocking we are all quite *affected* by it. On Monday he gave us an opportunity to leave him at Kurnaul. I had tried to get hold of these children at Simla, hearing they were very ill-used and that this man was just going to take them down to Delhi to sell them into the palace, where thousands of

children are *swallowed up*. Luckily his creditors would not let him go, and I told A. to watch that he did not carry off the little girls; so to-day, he sent word I might have them if I would pay his debts, and the Baboo has just walked in triumphantly with them. They have not a stitch of clothes on, and one of them is rather an object; the man has beat them so dreadfully, and she seems stupified. I hope to deposit them finally at Mrs. Wilson's orphanage near Calcutta.

CHAPTER IX.

Simla, Tuesday, March 19, 1839.

DON'T you see, that now I am come back to Simla, a journal will be out of the question; nothing to put into it.

'Pillicook sits on Pillicook's hill, Halloo Loo! Loo!' (which I take to be a prophecy of our playing at Loo every evening). We came up in two days from Barr, a very fatiguing business at all times, though Mrs. A. had sent me down a hill Dhoolie, in which I could lie down, but it makes all one's bones ache to be jolted in a rough sedan for eight hours. The second day it poured till we came within sight of Simla, and with a sharp east wind from the mountains, the misery of all the dripping Bengalee servants was inconceivable. The gentlemen looked unhappy enough, as the hill ponies make slow work of the journey; and Dr. D. had a violent fit of ague before we arrived at Hurripore. X.

abjures the aide-de-camp on these hill excursions and appears '*en blouse*,' a mixture of 'a brave Belge' and a German student.

We found Simla very white with snow, the thermometer had been 91 in our tents that day week. But I do not think it at all uncomfortably cold here. Giles had preceded us by two days, and had got all the curtains up and the carpets down, and the house looked more comfortable than ever. It is a jewel of a little house, and my own room is quite *overcoming* ; so light and cheerful, and then all the little curiosities I have accumulated on my travels have a sweet effect, now they are spread out. The only misfortune of my room is, that a long insect, much resembling a gudgeon on six legs, has eaten up your picture frame, the picture I took with me in my writing-desk, knowing that the gudgeon would have eaten that forthwith, but the frame, in an unguarded moment, I trusted to his honour, and this is the result. However, the glass he could not digest, and a wooden frame our own carpenter can make.

F. left W. O. after his first day's tiger shooting, and in marching up from Seharunpore with the K.'s and Mrs. L., W. actually shot a tiger ten

days after he had been run over, and he writes me word to-day that he is quite strong again, and that they had killed eight tigers in five days. One tiger got on an island about the size of the table with a swamp all round it, that the elephants could not pass. The jungle was set on fire, and W. says, it was beautiful to see him try to fight the fire with his paws, but when he found he could not conquer it, he charged the elephants, and was shot on the head of W.'s elephant.

Saturday, March 23.

We have had a little more snow and a great deal more rain, but now the weather is beautiful, and the servants are beginning to thaw and to move about. F. has had two dreadful days of rain in camp—a warning to her, and she says, she is beginning to give up her love of tents. Q. is gone down to Barr to fetch her up the hill, but she will not now be here till Monday.

We have not had a great many visitors. There are forty-six ladies and twelve gentlemen independent of our party, and forty more ladies and six more gentlemen are expected shortly, so how any dancing is to be managed at our parties, we cannot make out. The aides-de-camp are in

despair about it; they are all dancers, and they have engaged a house for the Miss S.'s and their aunt quite close to ours—'Stirling Castle,' a bleak place that nobody will live in, and that in general is struck by lightning once a year, but then it is close by and then they want a ball. They have got A. and all our married gentlemen to promise to dance every quadrille, but still we can't make out more than twelve couple, and it will be dull for the sixty who look on. They are writing to their friends in the plains, and asking elegible young officers to come up and lodge with them. E. N. has settled to come here instead of going to Mussooree, and had taken a house and was to *board* with us; but Mr. J. has written to ask him to live with him—*he* must dance. 'At all events,' said X. as we were riding home, 'those two little windows in the gable end of Stirling Castle look well, and when two little female forms are leaning out of them, I can conceive nothing more interesting.' Our band twice a week is to be a great resource. G. bought W. O.'s old house, and has made it over to the aides-de-camp, which saves them some money, and in the grounds belonging to it, we have discovered a beautiful

little terrace for the band, and the others have persuaded P., who is 'laying out the grounds,' to arrange a few pretty paths for two, and also to make the gates so narrow that jonpauns cannot come through them, so that the ladies must be handed out and walk up to the music.

Tuesday.

F. arrived yesterday. W. O. writes word that he has just killed his thirteenth tiger.

Saturday, March 30.

This must go to-day, G. says. It is a shockingly thin concern, but it is not three weeks since the last went, and as I tell you a second Simla year journalised, would inevitably throw you into a deep slumber.

Simla, Wednesday, April 3, 1839.

I feel rather cold and hungry without my journal. I have got such a habit of telling you everything, that somehow I cannot hinder myself from bestowing my tediousness upon you. I rather think I am like Mr. Balquwhidder, who found that the older he grew, and the more his memory failed, the more easy it was for him to preach a long sermon, only his congregation would not listen to it. You are my congrega-

tion. Our present set of gentlemen are so *larking*, I hope they will contrive to keep themselves, and Simla alive this year. I think I told E. they had advertised a pigeon shooting match for seven o'clock on the 1st of April, there not being a pigeon within twenty miles of this place.

Mr. C. arrived at the place which was a mile from any house, armed with two guns, in a regular shooting dress, and followed by three hirkarus to pick up the birds, and he was met by one of X.'s servants with a note, enquiring 'Does your mother know you're out?' As he hates getting up before nine, he had some merit in taking it good-humouredly.

There are several very pretty people here, but we can hardly make out any dinners. Most of the ladies send their regular excuse, that they do not dine out while Captain So and So is with the army. Very devoted wives, but if the war lasts three years, they will be very dull women. It is wonderful how they contrive to get on together as well as they do. There are five ladies belonging to the regiment, all with families, who have now been living six months in one small house, with only one com-

mon sitting room, and yet they declare they have not quarrelled. I can hardly credit it—can you?

Friday.

The *recoil* from the plains to the dry, sharp air has a shocking effect on the household. Captain Z. has been very ill since Monday, Captain Q. knocked up with fever, Dr. D. ditto; a very severe case. F.'s Ayah tumbled down a hill, and cut her knee dreadfully. Rosina and her husband and ten more servants all ill with fever. Mars a bad headache; Giles ditto. St. Cloup, a confirmed case of liver complaint. That puts us all in a great fuss, the instant he complains, we all think of our dinners and are full of little attentions to him; we are now trying to hope that gout may come out, but the fact is, they have all knocked themselves up by fancying that because they are in the hills, they may go out in the sun without an umbrella and nobody ever can, with impunity. If Shakspeare ever said a wrong thing, it was that the sun 'looks upon all alike! It is anything but alike; he looks uncommonly askance at you, and quite full at us. The band played on Wednesday in a new place we have made

for it in our garden; such a view of the snowy range! and such a pretty spot altogether and all the *retired* ladies come to solace themselves with a little music and to take a little tea and coffee and talk a little.

W. O. has killed his seventeenth tiger. I had letter from him to-day. They had been after a great *man-eater*, who has carried off seven or eight people lately, and the Thanadars of the villages around had begged them to try and kill it. They took with them a Mr. P. an engineer they found making a bridge, who had never been out hunting before; and lent him an elephant and two guns. The first day they saw the tiger at a great distance, and Mr. A. and W. took care not to fire for fear of losing his track, but they 'presently heard a tremendous shouting and bang, bang, with both guns. This was P. at least half a mile off, and on his coming up, he said he had seen the tiger, in the distance, and it was "dreadfully exciting work." The next thing we heard of the tiger was upon my elephant's head, but he was shaken off directly and after two or three charges, killed. About five minutes after he was dead, up comes Mr. P. in an awful

state of excitement, with a small umbrella neatly folded up in his hands, and carried like a gun. "Am I too late? Is he dead?" "Yes, but where are your guns?" "Good heavens! I thought this was them. I must have thrown them away in my excitement and taken this instead." And so he had—and both A.'s and my guns which we had lent him were found in the jungles, after some trouble.'

Sunday, April 7.

W. and Mr. A. have at last killed another dreadful tiger, or rather tigress, which they have hunted for and given up several times. She has carried off twenty-two men in six weeks, and while they were at the village, took away the brother of the chief man of the place; took him out of his little native carriage, leaving the bullocks untouched.

They found her lair and W. says they saw a *leg*, and quantities of human hair and bones, lying about it, and they saw her two cubs, but the swamps prevented the elephants going near, and the Mahouts would not go, so they gave it up.

But the next day, she carried away a boy,

and the villagers implored them to try again. They came to the remains of the boy, and at last found the tigress, and brought her out by killing one of her cubs, and then soon shot her—but the horrid part of the story is that the screams of the boy who was carried off were heard for about an hour, and it is supposed she gave him to her cubs to play with. Such a terrible death! Altogether W. and Mr. A. (to say nothing of P. and his umbrella) have killed twenty-six tigers, twenty large ones, and six cubs, which is a great blessing for the country they are in.

CHAPTER X.

Thursday, April 11, 1839.

We had Mrs. A., Mrs. L., and Mrs. R. to dinner yesterday, as we find it the best way to dine the most companionable ladies *en famille*, when we can furnish gentlemen enough of our own, to hand them in to dinner.

G. ought to dress himself as an abbot and with his four attendant monks receive as many nuns as the table will hold : the dress would make all the difference, and otherwise I do not see how society is to be carried on this year.

Friday, April 12.

I wish my box of gowns would ever arrive, don't you? I believe now, if I see it when we go down from the hills this year, I shall be lucky. Do you recollect sending me a pink striped gown, a long time ago, by a Mr. R.? I had it made up only lately and put it on new last night: it was beautifully made, ' and I never

looked more truly lovely!' but there was an *odd rent* in the sleeve which, Wright said, must be the tailor's fault. I put on my sash and heard an odd crack under the arm, then Chance jumped into my lap, and there was an odd crack in front. I sat down to dinner, and there was *another* odd crack behind. In short, long before bed-time my dear gown was what Mrs. M. used to call, 'all in *jommetry*,' there was hardly a strip wider than a ribbon, rather a pretty fashion but perhaps too undefined and uncertain : that comes of being economical in dress. The next gown you send me shall be made up the afternoon it arrives, but you need not send any more till we come out to India next time. I really think *this* banishment is coming to an end. Now we have broken into the last year but one, it seems like nothing. We have forsaken the buying of shawls and trinkets, and have gone into the upholstery and furniture line, everything is done with a view to Kensington Gore. I have just been writing to C. E. for a few Chinese articles, a cabinet, and a table or so, to arrive at Calcutta next year, and not to be unpacked. I have an arm-chair and a book-case concocting at Singapore and a sort of table

with shelves of my own devising, that is being built at Bareilly, under the magistrate there. That, I think, may prove a failure, but I have a portfolio and inkstand on the stocks that will be really good articles. I got some beautiful polished pebbles from Banda and Nerbudda. (I have not a notion where that is, but everybody here seems to know; I only know my pebbles were ordered eight months ago.) I thought they would have been small trashy things, but some of them are beautiful, like that great stone you had in a brooch, and I am having them set in silver, as a portfolio incrusted and enchased, and all that sort of thing. It will make a shocking item in my month's expenditure, but then it will be an original device, and when I go home of course everybody will observe: 'An Indian portfolio, I see, Miss Eden,' and I shall carelessly answer, 'Yes, those are the common Bazaar portfolios, but you can have very handsome ones made, if you like to order them,' and then, of course, everybody will write out for a common portfolio.

Saturday.

Nothing like a prophecy to ensure its not being fulfilled. Because I said that box

would not come till next year, this very morning, after luncheon, a long file of coolies appeared ascending the hill, and the result was twenty-five boxes of *sorts*—preserves and sweetmeats and sardines, and sauces from France, a box of silks and books from ditto. More books from Rodwell and though last, much the greatest 'in our dear love,' my two boxes of gowns and bonnets.

Thank you again, dearest, for all the trouble you have taken, and very successful trouble it has been.

Tell E. Wright of course thought her tapes, pins, &c. the most valuable part of the cargo, as I was living on a few borrowed pins, large and pointless. I suppose I shall wear the head-dress eventually, and one cap with long streamers looks very tolerably, but there is another with quantities of loose tags, in which I look exactly like Madge Wildfire. It may perhaps be subdued by pins and stitches, but if not, it suits F. remarkably well.

Monday.

I thought it due to you and to myself to wear something new, so I put on that cap with the long tags for church yesterday morning, and

Mrs. R. and Mrs. A. both found their devotions much interrupted thereby. We went to afternoon service at church in the Bazaar, to hear a new clergyman, who has come up for his health, and looks half dead, poor man.

Wednesday, April 17.

We had our first dance last night, and it has been one of the gayest we have had here; only fourteen dancing men, but they never sat down, and they had quadrilles and English country dances and waltzing, and altogether they all liked it, and beg to have another as soon as possible.

It is rather touching to see our serious Q. dancing away as if his life depended on it; and A. and C. and all the secretaries danced away too, and they were all amused at a small expense of trouble. Between the band and our dinners they are all becoming acquainted and good friends, which is lucky, for I think half the ailments in India come from the solitary lives people lead.

Friday, April 19.

W. O. arrived yesterday morning; he looks uncommonly well, considering that he has ridden sixty miles since three in the morning, and it is

very hot even in the hills. He and Mr. A. have killed thirty-six tigers, the largest number ever killed in this part of the country by two guns, and his expedition seems to have answered very well.

I began Wilberforce's Life when our new books came, but am disappointed. His journals are too short and terse, like heads of chapters; however, there are some good bits here and there, and I like the man himself very much. 'The Woman of the World' is a very amusing novel; evidently Mrs. Gore's, though she writes so much that I suppose she does not put her name to all her works, but it is impossible to mistake them. 'The Glanville Family' we got from Calcutta, as you said so much of it, and we all thought it very amusing; but, in fact, 'Boz' is the only real reading in the amusing line—don't you think so?

Our aides-de-camp gave a small fête champêtre yesterday in a valley called Annandale. The party, consisting of six ladies and six gentlemen, began at ten in the morning, and actually lasted till half-past nine at night. Annandale is a thick grove of fir-trees, which no sun can pierce. They had bows and arrows, a swing,

battledore and shuttlecock, and a fiddle—the only fiddle in Simla; and they danced and eat all day, and seem to have liked it all throughout wonderfully. Oh dear! with my worn out spirits and battered constitution, and the constant lassitude of India, it seems marvellous that any strength could stand that physical trial, but I suppose in our young, Bromley ball days we should have thought it great fun. These young people did, at all events. They give another pic-nic next Thursday, and we are getting up some tableaux and charades which are to be acted here; the dining room to be turned into a theatre. They are a very popular set of young men, and I bless their little hearts for taking so much trouble to carry on amusement, but I think they *go at it* rather too eagerly, and it will end in disappointment to some of them. The expense of these parties will not be so great to them, for both St. Cloup and Mars came to me yesterday to know what they were to do. 'Ces messieurs' had asked for a few 'petits plats' and a cook, or two; and the man who makes ice had been to Mars for French fruits to make it with.

Wednesday, April 24.

I had a young flying squirrel given me a week ago, its eyes shut, quite a baby; it sucks beautifully, and now its eyes are open. I keep thinking of Lord Howth and his rat. It is very like one, only with beautiful, sable fur, and a tail half a yard long, and wings; at present very playful and gentle, but I detect much latent ferocity, that will be brought out by the strong diet of almonds and acorns, to which he must come at last.

Saturday, April 27.

We had a large dinner yesterday of the chief actors and actresses, and I had had an immense gilt frame made, and put up in the folding doors of the drawing-room; and after dinner proposed carelessly that they should just try how tableaux would look, and with our shawls and veils and W.'s armour we got up two of the prettiest little scenes possible; I dare say, much better than if they had been got up with more care. Mrs. N., Mrs. C., X., and P. acted two scenes from 'Old Robin Grey,' while C. sang the ballad, and then W. and X., with Mrs. R. and Mrs. L., acted two scenes out of 'Ivanhoe.'

It was a new idea to Indians, and had the

greatest success, and the acting a ballad makes a great difference. It used to be dull at Woburn for want of a *meaning.*

Three of the ladies were really pretty; but the odd thing is, that Mrs. R., the plain one, looked the best of all, and sat like a statue. It was a very pretty sight.

Our gentlemen gave another pic-nic down at the waterfall yesterday, and they say nothing ever was so delightful; and it is to be hoped it was, as it began at seven in the morning and lasted till eleven at night.

Then, there has been great interest about our theatricals on Tuesday, but it is a difficult matter to arrange the parts, so as to give satisfaction to all the ladies concerned.

Saturday, May 3.

My flying squirrel is becoming familiar, and flies a little; that is, it takes long hops after me wherever I go, and I feel *be-ratted.* The two little girls I bought are turning out very nice children. Wright and Jones are teaching them to work, and make quite an amusement of them. The dispensary which was built by our fancy fair proceeds was opened by Dr. D. this week.

G. and I rode to see it yesterday, and it is a nice little place, with a very good room for surgical cases, of which, luckily, there are none at present, but Dr. D. had ten patients this morning; one was a Tartar woman, another a Cashmeree, and some Ladakh people. Such an odd result of drawings and work. One of the native doctors attends there, and has taken such a fancy to it that he has asked leave to remain here, when we go down to Calcutta, and he means to give up Government House. God bless you, dearest. I suppose you are going out every evening. I cannot say how I like your London campaign. It is such an amusing story that I want it to begin again.

CHAPTER XI.

Simla, May 23, 1839.

A LETTER to you which is to go by the Persian Gulf only departed to-day, and I believe there will be no regular steamer for nearly six weeks. A sad interruption to our little communications. A few days after my letter to you was sealed, G. got the official accounts of the taking of Candahar, or rather how Candahar took Shah Soojah, and *would have* him for its King. There never was anything so satisfactory. I hope M. and Lord M. will have received and shown you the copies of Sir A. Burnes's letters; it was such a picturesque description of the business. M. wrote me a very good account of it. He says:—'Five days ago we poor politicals were assailed from all quarters, from the Commander-in-Chief to the lowest ensign. They were all exclaiming how we had deceived them; that we had given out that Shah Soojah would be received by the chiefs and

people of his country with open arms; that the resources of the country would be laid open to the British army, instead of which, he was opposed by his own countrymen; no chiefs came near him; the army was starving in a land of milk and honey; in fact, we had deceived ourselves, and that Shah Soojah's cause was impossible. A little patience, and the fallacy of these sentiments would be proved. The sirdars left their late capital with scarcely two hundred followers; their most confidential servants deserted them, for to the last their measures were most oppressive, and they were heartily execrated. Every great chief with numerous followers came out to meet the Shah, and greeted him on his arrival in his own country with every demonstration of joy; the poor crowded about him, making offerings of flowers, and they strewed the road he was to pass over, with roses. Yesterday the King went to visit the city (we are encamped about two miles from it); every person, high and low, seemed to strive how they could most show their devotion to his Majesty, and their delight at the return of a Suddozie to power. The King visited the tomb of his grandfather, Ahmed Shah; and the *Prophet's shirt*, which is in keeping of the

Mollahs in charge of the tomb, and which was brought out by the sirdars when they were trying to raise a religious war against us, was produced, and the King hugged and kissed it over and over again.

'The populace are the finest race of Asiatics I have seen; the men tall and muscular, the women particularly fair and pretty, and all well dressed. It seems as if we had dropped into paradise.

'The country that we have been traversing for two months is the most barren and desolate eye ever rested on; not a tree, nor a blade of grass to be seen; we were constantly obliged to make marches of twenty miles to find water; the hills were only huge masses of clay. The contrast now is great; the good things of this life are abundant; luxurious crops which will be ready for the sickle in three or four weeks; extensive plains of green sward for the cattle; endless gardens and orchards; the rose-trees grow wild, eight or ten feet high; fruits of all kinds; rivulets flow through the valley; the birds are all song birds, and the air rings with their notes; in short we have reached the oasis at last, and are thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

'The people are all at their occupations as usual, and seem to have perfect confidence in us. The natives all agree in saying that Dost Mahommed upon hearing of his brothers having fled, will follow their example, &c. I am very happy in my appointment, and I feel I have a great deal more to say to you, but this must go.'

Poor M.! in to-day's Calcutta paper there is the death of his pretty little sister, who came out not two years ago; she very nearly died during the first hot season, and now has been carried off by a return of the same fever. Certainly this public news is very satisfactory; the whole thing done without bloodshed; and the effect on the people here, is wonderful; the happiness of the wives is very great, they see with their mind's eye, their husbands eating apricots and drinking acid sherbet, and they are satisfied. Our ball to-morrow will be very gay, and I have just written to P. to stick up a large 'Candahar' opposite the other illuminations.

Saturday, May 25.

The Queen's ball 'came off' yesterday with great success. We had had, the beginning of the week, three days of rain, which frightened

us, because it is a rain that nothing can stand. It did us one good deed on Monday—washed away the twenty-four people who were coming to dine with us, which was lucky, as the greater part of the dinner prepared for them was also washed away by the rain breaking the skylight in the dining-room, and *plumping* down on the table. I went down by myself to Annandale on Thursday evening, to see how things were going on there, and found X., who has been encamped there for three days, walking about very conjugally with Mrs. N. to whom he is engaged. I felt rather *de trop* as they stepped about with me, showing off the preparations. It was a very pretty looking fête; we built one temporary sort of room which held fifty people, and the others dined in two large tents on the opposite side of the road, but we were all close together, and drank the Queen's health at the same moment with much cheering. Between the two tents there was a boarded platform for dancing, roped and arched in with flowers, and then in different parts of the valley, wherever the trees would allow of it, there was 'Victoria,' 'God save the Queen,' and 'Candahar' in immense letters twelve feet high. There was a very old Hindu temple also

prettily lit up. Vishnu, or Mahadevi, to whom I believe it really belonged, must have been affronted. The native dealers in sweetmeats came down to sell their goods to the servants and jonpaunees, and C. and X. went round and bought up all their supplies for about twenty rupees for the general good. We dined at six, then had fireworks, and coffee, and then they all danced till twelve. It was the most beautiful evening; such a moon, and the mountains looked so soft and *grave*, after all the fireworks and glare.

Twenty years ago no European had ever been here, and there we were, with the band playing the 'Puritani' and 'Masaniello,' and eating salmon from Scotland, and sardines from the Mediterranean, and observing that St. Cloup's potage à la Julienne was perhaps better than his other soups, and that some of the ladies' sleeves were too tight according to the overland fashions for March, &c.; and all this in the face of those high hills, some of which have remained untrodden since the creation, and we 105 Europeans being surrounded by at least 3,000 mountaineers, who, wrapped up in their hill blankets, looked on at what we call our polite amuse-

ments, and bowed to the ground, if a European came near them. I sometimes wonder they do not cut all our heads off, and say nothing more about it.

Sunday, May 26.

The aides-de-camp are about as much trouble to me as so many grown-up sons. That sedate Captain P. followed me to my room after breakfast, and thought it right to mention that he had proposed to Miss S. on Thursday, and had been accepted, and that the aunt was agreeable, and that he had written to the step-father, Colonel —— for his consent, which he had no reason to doubt, &c., and that he hoped I would not mention it to anybody but Lord A., as they were exceedingly desirous Captain L. E. should not know it, but Mrs. S. wished I should be told. If the kitchen poker, or church steeple had gone and proposed, it would not have been more out of character. P. has always seemed so very indifferent and cold to ladies; though ever since we have been here, we have observed how altered he was, and what high spirits he was in; and then I met him the other day carrying a little nosegay to Stirling Castle, which looked suspicious and

unnatural. Still the shock was great, and the only thing I could think of at first, was to ask with infinite and mistaken promptitude if she were a nice girl, to which P. naturally answered that of course she was—a very nice girl indeed; and I said I had had no opportunity of speaking to her when she dined here, but that now I should take pains to make her acquaintance. And then we discussed his prospects.

He cannot marry for a year at soonest, even if Colonel —— consents then; but she is only eighteen, and her father will not let the elder one marry till she is twenty. P. is going away next week, on an official tour to Cashmere, a sort of scientific survey which G. wants him to make, and he is to be away four months.

That business was settled, and after luncheon L. E. came, very unhappy in *his* mind—*and* thought I must have observed it. He had been on the point of proposing to Miss A. S., when he had been intercepted by the astute aunt, who said she could not but observe his attentions, and thought it as well to mention that A. was engaged. He said,

so he had heard, but he did not believe it, and thereupon wrote to the aforesaid A., and brought me his letter and her answer, and his letter to the step-father and the aunt's letter to him, and he thought that with my knowledge of the world, I could tell him whether it did not appear that she was only sticking to her engagement because she thought it right, &c.

I could not possibly flatter him. She is a pretty looking girl, who has evidently fretted herself into bad health because Colonel —— would not consent to her marriage with a Mr. ——, she being eighteen, and her lover the same age. As she has never heard from the lover since he joined the army of the Indus, it is very possible, *he* is inconstant; and that is what L. E. goes upon; he does not care how long he waits, &c. (and I think he will have to wait some time), but in the meantime perhaps I would speak to Mrs. S., and above all things Captain P. was not to know. That is always the end of all confidences; and in the meantime, as P. lives in a broad grin, and L. E. in a deep sigh, I should think their secrets will be guessed in a week. Thank goodness, now they are all engaged, except

Z., who is not likely to fall in love with anybody but himself.

Wednesday, May 29.

We had a theatrical dinner yesterday, and a rehearsal of our new tableaux, which promise to be very successful. Six from the 'Corsair,' and five from 'Kenilworth.' We had them at night to try how Gulnare would look with her lamp going to visit Conrade; and I had another grand idea, of a trap-door, down which Amy Robsart is supposed to have fallen, at least four inches, so that she must have had every bone in her body smashed; and Varney with a torch looking into it, and Leicester and Trevilian in despair, made it a most awful business. The rehearsal was rather amusing; all the gentlemen in their common red coats, and a pretty Mrs. V., supposed to be Medusa, was sitting with the shovel in her hand, and said in such a quiet way, 'This is, in fact, a guitar;' which, as she is dreadfully shy, and not given to speak at all, was one of the best jokes she ever made.

CHAPTER XII.

Thursday, May 30, 1839.

Our steady doctor gave his ball last night. He was asked for one by Mrs. L., and found it an easier way of returning civilities than giving a number of dinners.

Wright and I have been down two or three times to arrange his house, and put up his curtains, and he had enclosed all his verandahs with branches of trees and flowers, so that it really looked very pretty. He is very popular from his extreme goodnature in attending anybody that wants him; he never takes any fee, and he takes a great deal of pains with his patients, and, moreover, he is a really well informed man, and liked in society. So everybody whom he asked to his ball, made a point of going, and they actually danced from eight at night till five in the morning: and they said it was one of the gayest balls ever seen.

Saturday, June 1.

We had our tableaux last night, and they were really beautiful. I am quite sorry they are over. We had each of them, three times over, but still it is like looking at a very fine picture for two minutes and then seeing it torn up. Mrs. K. as Queen Elizabeth, dragging in Mrs. N. as Amy Robsart, was one of the best, and Medora lying dead, and the Corsair in his 'helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart,' was also beautiful, but in fact they all were so, and G. is walking up and down his room this morning wishing they would be so good as to do it all over again. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded. C. recitatived Lord Byron's words for the Corsair, but wrote songs for Kenilworth; the last, alluding to Amy's death, 'He comes too late,' was worthy of Mrs. Arkwright. After the tableaux were over, W. O. gave his first entertainment, a small supper, to Mrs. K., Mrs. L., Mrs. V., Mrs. N., and all the aides-de-camp, and one or two gentlemen, and, as the ladies would not go unless F. and I. were there, we went down to his bungalow at eleven, leaving G. to see our guests out. W.'s supper went off remarkably well, and his house looked very pretty. St. Cloup thought he had better

give a look at the supper, and when I told him we were going, he said, 'Oh! alors il faut que M. le Capitaine fasse un peu de dépense. Je vais pourvoir à tout cela.' The dresses were magnificent last night, and W. O. looked very well in his corsair's dress. Mrs. N. is not rich, so I make an excuse of her kindness in acting, to send her a green satin pelisse, as Amy's 'sea-green mantle,' and a very handsome lace dress with a satin slip from G.

Monday, June 3.

G. has had letters from the army up to May 7. The Shah seems to be as quietly and comfortably settled as if he had never left his kingdom, and Sir J. Kean writes most cheerfully about the army, makes very light of the loss of cattle, and says the soldiers were never so healthy. There has been on an average one-third fewer in hospital than is usual in cantonments and very few deaths.

The followers of the sirdars were reduced to one hundred, and the sirdars so unpopular that two of our regiments were gone to fetch them in, almost more as guards than anything else. G. and I have been riding about the last three days with Mr. A. looking at the Dispensary

and the Asylum and a serai, the three charities of Simla. The Dispensary has been built from the proceeds of our fancy fair last year, and opened by Dr. D., who attends there every morning, and it does so much good that I am quite heartened up into trying another fancy fair this year, and am going to send out the circulars this blessed day. It is an odd list of patients at the Dispensary. There is a Thibet *Tartar* woman with a Chinese face, and a rheumatic daughter, and there are people from Ladâkh, and Sikhs and mountaineers and quantities of little black babies to be vaccinated. I have not an idea what to do for the sale. The trick of the drawings to produce such an immense sum cannot be tried again.

Wednesday, June 5.

This must go, dearest, G. says, where to, I have not an idea, but I know it will never reach you, it is like going to call upon you, when you are out, which under present circumstances would be uncommonly disagreeable. But no steamer can go for two months, so we must hazard something by that stupid, old-fashioned sailing apparatus.

We are all quite well, and the climate quite

beautiful, a *leetle* too hot but not worse than an English August day. Mr. L. gave another fancy ball last night, and yesterday morning we had a deputation from the station to ask us for a day on which they are to give us a ball. We named June 18 (Waterloo and all that), and that is to close the season, and then we are to take to the rains for three months.

Saturday, June 8.

Our play last night went off beautifully. I do not know when I have seen better acting, and Mrs. C. really acts as if she had done nothing else all her life. I suppose it is easier in a room with carpets and chairs, and doors and windows, and then she has been brought up in France, and has the quiet self-possession of a French actress, and her arms are always in the right place, and she does not seem to think about acting; then she sings very well and looked very handsome, so that altogether to Anglo-Indians, who never see female parts acted except by artillerymen, or clerks, it was a great pleasure.

We made such pretty scenery, too, with a lattice window, and some steps and a few shrubs and plenty of curtains. After the play they

danced five or six quadrilles, had some supper, and went off, all pleased; and they want more of these evenings, but it is thundering and pouring to-day, and it is no use attempting to give parties in the rains. I wish my drawing paper would not begin to spoil already, but it is turning into blotting paper. Luckily I cannot find anything to draw just now. It has occurred to me that when we go home I shall not be able to show you what an Indian woman is like, and to be sure we have seen very few; but some of the Paharee women are very pretty, who go about the hills cutting grass and wood. I met some yesterday and asked them to come and be sketched, and they said they would, but they have never arrived. Some of the nautch-girls in the bazaar are very pretty, and wear beautiful ornaments, but it is not lawful to look at them even for sketching purposes, and indeed Mr. N., one of the magistrates, has removed them all from the main street, so the bazaar is highly correct, but not half so picturesque as last year. There are very few children ever to be seen in it. Natives who come to open shops, &c., never bring their families, from the impossibility of moving women in a sufficiently private manner, and I very often think that an English village with

women and children walking about must be a pretty sight. They do go about, don't they? I forget. Poor Mrs. —— who had a shocking confinement in our camp last year has had a worse now; for thirty-six hours Dr. D. could not leave her for a moment, and for twelve it was not possible to know whether she were alive, no pulse, and quite cold. We had made all arrangements for putting off our party yesterday, but she rallied in the afternoon and is going on well now. I never saw Dr. D. quite overset before, nor indeed the least perturbed, but he fairly burst out crying when he came to my room on his way home, and said he did not think anything could induce him to go through such horrors again; and it was very unlucky, that just as he was so thoroughly worn out, a poor Paharee was brought into the dispensary almost crushed by a tree falling on him, and Dr. D. had to go and cut off his leg, before he went home. I rather wonder how surgeons enough can be found for all the pains and aches of this world.

Wednesday, June 12.

Captain P. goes off early to-morrow on an official tour to Cashmere, and will be away five

months. He and Miss S. take it very quietly, but they looked rather unhappy last night.

He had brought me in the morning some Berlin work which the two sisters had done for the fancy fair and which they had sold to him in advance for a mere trifle, and he wanted to know if it were the right price. I thought it very right in the romantic view of the case, but very wrong as touching the interests of the poor dispensary. I told Miss A. S. (the sister-in-law as is to be) that I should like to buy some of their work at a dearer rate, and she said there would be plenty, 'but at present I am working a table cover for Captain P.' Then she asked if I wanted any polished pebbles—'I have a great many, but I have given the best to Captain P.,' just the sort of way in which people make a fuss with their brothers-in-law at first. It goes off, does it not, Mr. D.?

Saturday, June 15.

We have been a long time without letters, and nobody knows when we shall have any again. There are several stories left *hanging* on something which ought to have been cleared up a long time ago, and never will be now—poor L. E. L.'s death! We have heard twice from you

since the first account, and it never appeared whether Maclean was 'a brute of a husband,' or she, poor thing! very easily excited. Then that Baily, the supposed murderer, we never could find the end of that story.

I went out *pleasantly* yesterday evening, quite a new idea, but as we have so much to do for the little amusements of other people, I thought I might as well for once amuse myself, so I went after dinner to see Mr. and Mrs. C., and I was to lie on the sofa and they were to sing, and so they did, beautifully, all sorts of things; she sings equally well in five languages, French, English, German, Italian, and Hindustani, and Mr. C. sings anything that is played to him without having any music. Altogether it was very pleasant, which was lucky, for I meant to be at home at eleven, a very undue hour for Simla, and a violent thunderstorm came on which seemed to be splitting the hills into small shreds, so I could not get home till one, which Wright thought very shocking. I cannot imagine when we go home, how we are to get back to reasonable hours.

CHAPTER XIII.

Wednesday, June 19 1839.

I MUST tell you for the children's sake such a touching trait of my flying squirrel. It is the most coaxing animal I ever saw, and lives in my room without any cage, or chain, and at night I always shut him up in a little bath-room, leaving the sitting-room and the dressing-room between him and me. I was woke two nights ago, by this little wretch sitting on my pillow and licking my face. I thought it was a rat at first, and did not like it, indeed I did not like it much better when I found it was the squirrel. I called up Wright, who carried him back to his room, where she found he had broken a pane of glass, got out into the garden, where he had never been before, and come in through the window of my dressing-room. I always have it open, as the nights are very hot, and I try to expect that the air will come into the bedroom, and that the

thieves will not come further than the dressing-room. Wright would not believe that he had really been so clever; however, she stopped up the broken pane and shut all the doors, and a quarter of an hour after, I heard another little scratch, and there he was again patting my ear, so then I gave it up, wrapped him in the mosquito net, and let him sleep there, the rest of the night. But it must have been pretty to see him hopping through the garden and finding his own way in. We went last night to the ball given to us by the station: it was not at all a fatiguing evening, and it is the last for some time.

Friday, June 21.

I have been carrying on a suit in Colonel ——'s very unjust court for an unfortunate native tailor, attached to our house, who cannot get a small debt paid that has been due to him for a year; and these horrid magistrates are worse, if you can conceive such a thing, than common English magistrates, worse than that Blackheath man who interfered with William the pedestrian, and whom we burnt in effigy on the lawn at Eden Farm; these men spited this poor tailor, because, finding they would not hear him, he gave a petition to G. Then the magistrates

found they must attend to him, so they made him come every day to their court, and at the end of the day said, they had not time to summon the debtor, and he must come again. They did this four days running, which is ruin to a native who just lives on his day's work. So I went to G. again, and he wrote a thundering note to them, and an hour after they sent the man his debt—but they are two extraordinary individuals. Our old khansamah said, that the chief native officers of their court had threatened him that, if he would not give them twenty-five rupees apiece, they would summon his wife to appear in court, which is the greatest disgrace can befall a Mussulmaunee, and a complete loss of caste. Nobody would believe the old man's story at first, but I sent him to Captain B., who heard his story, found he had plenty of witnesses, and took him up to the court. Mr. ——, the second magistrate, wrote word to Captain B. that 'the case had been fully proved and your old khansamah comes out with flying colours.' This sounded very well, as it was always supposed that no servant from the plains could get any justice against —— and ——'s officers, and we were rather proud of it, but I bethought myself

yesterday that we had never heard what became of the culprits, so I got G. to write and say that as Mr. —— had been so kind as to offer an English translation of the proceedings, I should be very much obliged to him for it, and there came such a paper, such a bit of real magistracy! 'The court cannot deny that the case has been fully proved;' just as if they ought to deny it; but as it was a delicate matter interfering with officers so immediately connected with themselves, they did not know what punishment to inflict, and had taken bail of the principal offender, and there he is acting still as vakeel of the court, and extorting bribes from every wretched native that comes for justice—very few do come here. G. was in such a rage, and wrote a minute on their paper that they will not forget, and is sending the whole thing to the principal court at Delhi. It is horrible to think how this class of Europeans oppresses the natives; the great object of the Government being to teach them reliance on English justice, and the poor natives cannot readily understand that they are no longer under their own despotic chiefs. They will be a long time understanding it here.

Sunday, June 23.

I went before breakfast yesterday with Captain L. E. and Captain Z. down to Annandale where he had sent tents the day before. F. came in the middle of the day, and we stayed till the cool of the evening. I wanted to sketch the children sleeping under the little cascades of water which fall upon their heads. All the babies of the valley are brought up in that fashion, and some of them have great hollows at the top of their heads. It was very hot in the valley, but it was rather a nice way of passing the day, and we got home just as a great storm began.

Thursday, June 27.

I did not think of sending this for ages, but the Calcutta authorities have fitted out a Chinese clipper to go to the Persian Gulf, and seem to think the letters may be in England in three months. My journal may be a help to them, for if you observe, our mutual journals go safely, so I let them have it from pure kindness. It is the only letter I send, and nobody seems to guess when we can write again, not for two months certainly, so do not fidget about us. We are all well and prosperous.

Simla, Monday, July 1.

I sent off a short journal to you on Saturday, which you will probably never hear of, as in the dearth of Bombay steamers, the Government has been trying a new experiment of taking up a Chinese clipper which will probably be of little use, and they have sent her to Aden with our letters, and have puffed their experiment so successfully that they have actually entrapped me out of a large slice of journal, so that portion of my life will never be heard of again—'a blank, my lord.'

I should not care what becomes of the letters I write, if I could get any to read. This is such a tiresome time of year for that, and I get such yearnings for letters, and such fancies come over me. It seems an odd thing to say to you, but I dare say you have the same thoughts with regard to me, but I sometimes think *if* anything should have happened to you, what would become of me? and then the thought gets fairly into my head, and runs into all sorts of details, till I cannot get to sleep, and know it is very wrong, and then I ask Dr. D. for a little medicine and I get better, but in the meanwhile it is horrid to be so far off. However, of course you are very well, and so

am I, only mind we keep so, because we really must meet again, we shall have so much to say. We heard of dear old Runjeet's death on Saturday. It took place on the 27th. It is rather fine, because so unusual in the East, that even to the last moment, his slightest signs, for he had long lost his speech, were obeyed. It is almost a pity they were, only that one is glad such a master mind should have its dues to the last; but the despatch says, that on the last day the Maharajah sent for all his famous jewels, his horses with their splendid trappings, the surpêche and pearls given him by G., and ordered them to be sent to different shrines with directions that the Brahmins should pray for him; that Kurruck Singh (the heir) and the sirdars who were sitting round his bed burst into loud lamentations and said, 'What will become of us if you give everything away?' and the Maharajah wept, but said it must be so. Then he ordered the Koh-i-noor (the famous diamond) to be sent down to the temple of Juggernaut, but his sirdars again represented that there was not such another diamond in the world, and that the whole wealth of India could not repurchase it, and he consented to let that remain.

But the distribution of jewels went on till the evening, and he is supposed, his newswriters say, to have given away the value of two crores of rupees; it is a great pity such a collection of precious stones, quite unequalled, should be dispersed to these shrines, where they will never be seen again. The Rajah Dhian Singh, the prime minister, seems at present to manage everything, and to be in as great favour with Kurruck Singh as he was with the father, and as he is a very superior man, with dominions of his own almost equal to the Punjâb, things may go on quietly if he remains in favour; but young Noor Mahal Singh, Kurruck's son, is coming back from Peshawur, determined to make himself prime minister to his father, so there may be a danger of a fight. G. declares that no degree of confusion (and I am willing to make as much as possible, if it would be of any use) will keep us here another year, so it is no use blowing up the coals amongst the kings. Our poor fat friend Shere Singh has sent his chief adviser here, to ask protection and advice, and he brought me a very pretty letter from little Pertâb, and I have just been signing a Persian answer to it, and equally pretty, I am confident. I just ran my eye over it

to be sure that Mr. C. had expressed my real sentiments, and I think it looked very like them. Shere Singh is in a terrible fright.

Tuesday, July 2.

The accounts from Lahore describe great dismay and real grief amongst Runjeet's subjects. Two of his ranees have declared their determination to burn themselves with him; but as their stepson Kurruck has implored them not to do so, it is to be hoped they will give it up, if they are sure of kind treatment. I begin to think that the 'hundred wife system' is better than the mere one wife rule, they are more attached and faithful.

Wednesday, July 3.

There have been two dry days without fog or rain, so we took advantage of them to be 'at home' last night, and the people all came and danced very merrily for two hours, and in the middle of the party, the express with the overland mail arrived—rather a disappointment as it only comes down to April 15th. I presume your letter is coming, and in the meanwhile you were well to the 15th; but I want your view of things, instead of having to pick them out of

'Galignani.' Those poor dear ranees whom we visited and thought so beautiful and so merry, have actually burnt themselves; but I am not going to tell you any more about Lahore for the present, as G. gets every day from his native newswriter such quaint and interesting accounts of all the intrigues, and events, and lamentations there, that I will send you the papers, I am sure they will interest you. The death of those poor women is so melancholy, they were such gay young creatures, and they died with the most obstinate courage.

CHAPTER XIV.

August 1, 1839.

THIS will be more a letter than a journal, as I have skipped more than a fortnight, partly because I have been obliged to give all my little leisure to drawing for the fancy fair, and then, that I have had ten days of the same ague I had in the plains, from the same reason—constant rain and fog. It is a tiresome complaint while it lasts, from the violence of the headache and pains in the bones, but I do not think it does one much real harm, at least not up here. It stopped only four days ago, and I feel quite well again. We are very quiet just now. Rains and fogs the whole day, till towards five o'clock, when it kindly holds up to allow us to go out for an hour and a half, and then it kindly rains again so as to prevent anybody coming to dinner. G. and I went yesterday to show F. a beautiful new walk we had discovered; that is, we call it a walk though there is nothing to walk upon but a goat-

path, but it leads to a beautiful hill which stands bolt upright by itself, looking down on various little villages in the valleys. The first time we went, the jonpaunees contrived to carry me most part of the way, but this time what little path there had been, was washed away, and we had to walk with sticks in one hand and to cling to the rocks with the other, and the jonpaunees crept along just under the path to catch us if we slipped. I never saw anything so beautiful as it was, the ground so green with all sorts of ferns, and covered with iris, and mountain geraniums and such an amphitheatre of mountains all round, with great white clouds in the valleys, just as if the mountains had let their gowns slip off their shoulders. Our Bengalee servants, who turn out in great numbers when we walk, evidently thought it a service of great danger, particularly when one of my boys slipped down a little waterfall, and looked, as G. said, in his red and gold, like a large goldfish floundering about in the pool below. My old jemadar came and gave me a regular scolding this morning, which he had evidently got up with great care in his choicest English. 'Soobratta tell me, my lord and my two ladies take very dangerous walk, so I just

ask of ladyship's favour to ask my lord not to order any more such walk. Ladyship not strong constitution' (that is a long word they have picked up from the native doctor, who always tells me so), 'and what for, she walk when she can be carried, and why go on bad road? I see our bheestie's (water-carrier) cow last week tumble down hill, and she roll over and over till she come *kill* at the bottom, and if ladyship see that, she never go dangerous walk again.' He walked off quite satisfied with himself and his oratory, and I own, I think the roll and 'come kill' of the bheestie's cow is pathetic and conclusive.

Tuesday, August 6.

I have had such a piece of *shawl* luck; everybody's mind gets a shawl twist in India, you must understand; and moreover we are all making up our packets for England now.

This place is full of Cashmerees, and they never come further south than Delhi, so this is our last shawl opportunity. Q. came into my room with a magnificent black one, a regular fifty guinea shawl, and said the owner had told him to show it to me. I said it was very beautiful, but I could not afford any more expensive

shawls, and he said if I really fancied it, he would try and beat the price down. I said no, but at the same time asked, in a fatal fit of curiosity, what the price was, and he said, 'Perhaps I can get it cheaper, but the man says you may have it for 240 rupees.' (24*l.*) Upon which I said with infinite promptitude—'Oh, then, run for your life and pay him directly, before anybody else sees him!' and Q. thought it advisable himself, for he said some of the other Cashmerees were offering him more for it. The shawl has been compared with three bought by Mrs. R. and Mrs. A. for fifty guineas, and there is not a shade of difference, in fact, it is a perfect beauty, quite a catch.

August 18.

I am uncommonly unhappy in my mind. My dear little flying squirrel that I had brought up to 'man's estate' from three days old, died yesterday of cholera. I never mean to witness the death of a pet again. To be sure Chance has lasted so many years that I have not had much practice, but I am quite wretched about this poor little animal. He was so coaxing, and though my doors and windows are never shut, and he had no cage, he never thought of stirring

out of my rooms. When I came home, he used to stick his little head out from under the pillow and hold out his paw for my hand and bite it all over; and when I was dressing, he always sat on the glass, or on Wright's shoulder, with great black eyes like Pamela's fixed on my hair, which he helped to arrange occasionally. When G. came in the evening, he climbed up the armchair and sat on his shoulder, apparently whispering to him; and though G. said the squirrel was only pulling his ear, I am convinced he had more to do with public affairs, than people generally supposed. I never saw such a good little thing or such a clean pet. He never ate anything but two, or three spoonfuls of tea, but yesterday he got hold of a pear the servants were taking away from luncheon, and it killed him in a very few hours. My own belief is that as *people* in India are uncommonly dull, the surplus share of sense is 'served out' to the beasts, who are therefore uncommonly clever, and their talents are developed by their owners leading such solitary lives that they are able to devote more time to the education of their animals.

CHAPTER XV.

Simla, Sunday, Sept. 1, 1839.

I THINK I will begin again soon this time—first because to-morrow is your birthday, so, as there is a difference of half the world in our reckoning, I begin keeping it in time for fear of accidents. Then I am moved to write, because I was looking over, for the 180th time, Swift's journal, and he says, in September, 1710, just 129 years ago, 'Have I not brought myself into a fine premunire to begin writing letters on whole sheets? I cannot tell whether you like these journal-letters. I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but perhaps little M. D. is pleased to know how Presto passes his time.' Now you are clearly M. D., so I look upon that as a prophecy, and think that I am fulfilling it. Then I have an extra hour to-day. It began to pour just after we went out riding, and we all had to rush home and got wet through.

W. O. writes from Loodheeana that the thermometer is 104°, and only two degrees lower at night.

Friday, Sept. 6.

I had some tents sent down to the waterfall yesterday, and Mrs. A. and G. and I went down there to breakfast. The valleys are rather hot, but we found a shady place near the great waterfall where it was much cooler than in the tents, and she and I talked there very comfortably, while G. went out 'exploring,' and Chance had a vague idea that by running up and down the bank he might succeed in stopping the waterfall, but though he tried for four hours the experiment was a decided failure. Those immense purple and green butterflies called 'Purple Emperors' were flying about in quantities—such beautiful creatures! Mrs. A. would not bring her children, and was delighted with the noise of the waterfall, because otherwise she would have missed the noise of the children so much more.

Mrs. N. and X. came down to luncheon, and then we all went to a second waterfall, which is slightly inaccessible, but by dint of ladders and chairs and being carried by jonpaunees here and there, we arrived at it, and a very pretty sight it was—the cave so dark and the water so bright. It looked so nice that we settled to

pursue the bed of the river in search of a third waterfall, which everybody talks of and nobody has seen, so we were carried and the gentlemen splashed along through the water, and Chance slipped into a deep place and was carried down and nearly drowned; but Jimmund jumped in and 'plucked up his drowned honour by the locks,' and after a little rubbing he soon came to. We found the third fall, but could only see it from the top, as there was no path down the sides, and then we went back to Mrs. A. at the second fall. F. came late and was persuaded to scramble down to the second fall, and then we all came home to dinner. That sort of day in the open air and the shade is very pleasant, and though it seems like a long excursion from the steepness of the roads, it is only three miles.

W. O. writes word that their camp has been attacked by regular thieves and twenty camels carried off, and the sentries had killed two of the thieves.

A box of books arrived yesterday, rather the worse for having travelled through the rains, and unluckily the Annuals are those that have suffered the most.

Sunday, Sept. 8.

Simla is much moved just now by the arrival of a Mrs. J.,* who has been talked of as a great beauty all the year, and that drives every other woman, with any pretensions in that line, quite distracted, with the exception of Mrs. N. who, I must say, makes no fuss about her own beauty, nor objects to it in other people. Mrs. J. is the daughter of a Mrs. C. who is still very handsome herself, and whose husband is deputy adjutant-general, or some military authority of that kind. She sent this only child to be educated at home, and went home herself two years ago to see her. In the same ship was Mr. J., a poor ensign, going home on sick leave. Mrs. C. nursed him and took care of him, and took him to see her daughter, who was a girl of fifteen at school. He told her he was engaged to be married, consulted her about his prospects, and in the meantime privately married this child at school. It was enough to provoke any mother, but as it now cannot be helped, we have all been trying to persuade her for the last year to make it up, as she frets dreadfully about her only

* Afterwards the celebrated Lola Montez.

child. She has withstood it till now, but at last consented to ask them for a month, and they arrived three days ago. The *rush on the road* was remarkable, and one or two of the ladies were looking absolutely nervous. But nothing could be more unsatisfactory than the result, for Mrs. J. looked lovely, and Mrs. C. had set up for her a very grand jonpaun, with bearers in fine orange and brown liveries, and the same for herself; and J. is a sort of smart-looking man, with bright waistcoats and bright teeth, with a showy horse, and he rode along in an attitude of respectful attention to 'ma belle mère.' Altogether it was an imposing sight, and I cannot see any way out of it but magnanimous admiration. They all called yesterday when I was at the waterfalls, and F. thought her very pretty.

Tuesday, Sept. 10.

We had a dinner yesterday. Mrs. J. is undoubtedly very pretty, and such a merry unaffected girl. She is only seventeen now, and does not look so old, and when one thinks that she is married to a junior lieutenant in the Indian army, fifteen years older than herself, and that they have 160 rupees a month, and are

to pass their whole lives in India, I do not wonder at Mrs. C.'s resentment at her having run away from school.

There are seventeen more officers come up to Simla on leave for a month, partly in the hope of a little gaiety at the end of the rains; and then the fancy fair has had a great reputation since last year, and as they will all spend money, they are particularly welcome; but we *had* got through all our formal dinners, and now we must begin again.

Wednesday, Sept. 11.

W. says the heat is terrific at Lahore, 104° at night and 109° in the day; and Captain M. says none of them have closed their eyes for three nights. We had a large party last night, the largest I have seen in Simla, and it would have been a pretty ball anywhere, there were so many pretty people. The retired wives, now that their husbands are on the march back from Cabul, ventured out and got through one evening without any prejudice to their characters.

Thursday, Sept. 12.

W. is very much bored at Lahore, and Mr. C. has given him leave to come back, and he will

be here in two or three days. Little Pertâb is as nice a child as ever, W. says, and remembers all the English words we taught him. They all cried and salaamed to the picture of Runjeet Singh, which W. had copied from my sketch, and he was obliged to give it to the old fakeer.

Monday, Sept. 16.

W. O. got home this morning, having ridden from Lahore in three days; above sixty miles a day, and the thermometer at 110°, enough to kill him, but he does not seem the worse for it, though he looks very thin. He says he missed one of his relays of horses and lay down under a tree to sleep while the guide rode on for a conveyance, and when he woke, he found one of the Akalees (those wild bigots of whom even Runjeet was afraid) sitting by him and fanning him with a large fan. Touching!

We are going to a ball to-night, which the married gentlemen give us; and instead of being at the only public room, which is a broken, tumble-down place, it is to be at the C.'s, who very good naturedly give up their house for it.

Wednesday, Sept. 18.

The ball went off with the greatest success; transparencies of the taking of Ghuznee, 'Auckland' in all directions, arches and verandahs made up of flowers; a whist table for his lordship, which is always a great relief at these balls, and every individual at Simla was there. There was a supper-room for us, made up of velvet and gold hangings belonging to the durbar, and a standing supper all night for the company in general, at which one very fat lady was detected in eating five suppers. We came away at one, but it was kept up till five and altogether succeeded. W., after all that journey, sat up till five.

Thursday, Sept. 19.

The July overland came in yesterday, and I have got your nice *fat* letter from Newsalls, and the journal of your last month in London. I remember the pain of leaving London at the end of the second season. It was 'such dreadful hagony,' as the boy says, in 'Oliver Twist,' that I quite enter into T.'s feelings. E. is pretty well for the first year, and I expect will show stronger symptoms of the disease next year. The third year I shall be at home, to hear all about it,

which will be amazingly good fun; and in the meantime you cannot imagine the treasures these journals are. Only think how pleasant! An old Colonel Skinner, a native as black as this ink, whose life you can see in Miss Roberts' book, writes to W. that, 'If the Miss Edens do not wish to mortify an old soldier, and bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, they will accept a pair of shawls he has ordered for them in Cashmere, and which have just arrived. If they return them, he shall imagine they look upon him as a native, and not as an old British soldier.' Nothing evidently could be more palpably indelicate than to refuse them. I am the last woman in the world to hurt any body's feelings by returning any shawl, to say nothing of a white one, made on purpose in Cashmere, and if he had thrown in a scarf, I should have thought his appearance and complexion only too fair for a British soldier. Do you think they will be long shawls, or square?

CHAPTER XVI.

Simla, Friday, Sept. 27, 1839.

It appears that our last letters will again be too late for the steamer. G. always keeps the express till it is a day too late for the steamer. In fact, if he *has* a fault (I don't think he has, but *if* he has), it is a slight disposition to trifle with the English letters, just on the same principle as he always used to arrive half an hour too late for dinner at Longleat and Bowood. He never will allow for the chance of being too late, and now, for two months running, his despatches have been left at Bombay.

We had our fancy fair on Wednesday, which went off with great *éclât*, and was really a very amusing day, and moreover produced 6,500 rupees, which, for a very small society, is an immense sum. When we arrived at the 'Auckland Gate,' which was the same as last year, we were stopped by a gang of gipsies, who had their little tent and their donkey, and the pot boiling

on three sticks, and a boy plucking a fowl and another with a hare, &c. X. and L. and a Captain C. were disguised as gipsies, and the most villanous-looking set possible; and they told our fortunes, and then came on to the fair and sang an excellent song about poor old Colonel —— and a little hill fort that he has been taking; but after the siege was over, he found no enemy in it, otherwise it was a gallant action. X. showed me the song some days ago, and I thought it might affront the old man if it came upon him unawares, so they showed it to him first, and he adopted it as his own joke.

Then the selling at the stalls began, and everything was bought up very quickly; then there was a raffle for my two pictures, and we reduced the tickets to 3 rupees each, and would not let anybody take more than three, and yet, with that they produced 75*l.* Rather a shame! but I could not help it—a little single figure, which I had done in two mornings, and promised to W. O., was put up to auction when he was away, and fetched 15*l.*, so I must do another for him. F. sent a great collection of toys she had made in the Bazaar, which produced 20*l.* Mr. C. was an excellent auctioneer for the four things that were

to be sold by auction—that small drawing of mine and three beautiful little oil paintings, sent to me for the fair by a regular artist, a Mr. Gwatkin, whose Christian names are Joshua Reynolds (he is a great-nephew of Sir Joshua), so Mr. C. began with the picture of an old, bald man:—'Will anybody allow me to say 100 rupees for this splendid composition of the famous Sir Joshua Reynolds—an absolute gem, a real Joshua Reynolds. I beg your pardon; I have just distinguished the surname of Gwatkin, but I was misled by the similarity of style. The original Sir Joshua would not, however, have been affronted; those flesh tints on the bald head are magnificent! Eighty rupees I think you said, but you have not noticed the mountain in the background—an exact representation of any one of the Alps, I may say of all the Alps, and valuable to any of us who are not likely to see the Alps in a hurry. Mr. ——, allow me to say 100 rupees for this beautiful delineation of a calm old age, unconscious of decay; it is worth your notice.' Mr. —— looks about sixty, and still tries (without the least success) to be a young man. G. bought the picture for me. I went as far as eight guineas for the second my-

self, but was outbid by Mr. A.; and the third, which was a very inferior article, of a nun, hung on hand, so at last C. turned to the Baboo belonging to his office, who was grinning at his master's jokes, and said, 'I see, Baboo, you are determined to outbid everybody for this valuable specimen of English art—Seetannauth Baboo has bid thirty-five rupees for this remarkable portrait of a nun "in maiden meditation, fancy free," and I have great pleasure in knocking it down to him. Seetannauth Baboo, you are most fortunate.' The Baboo clearly did not know why, but he is very rich, and the Hindus have a great idea of the saving merits of charity; so he paid his money, and I saw him all the rest of the day walking about with his servant, carrying his little nun's picture after him.

We had provided luncheon at a large booth with the sign of the 'Marquess of Granby.' L. E. was old Weller, and so disguised I could not guess him. X. was Sam Weller; R., Jingle; and Captain C., Mrs. Weller; Captain Z. merely a waiter, with one or two other gentlemen; but they all acted very well up to their characters, and the luncheon was very good fun, and was kept up through three relays of company, fifty

at a time; and as we found all the food, the proceeds for the charity were very good. Then G. gave some prizes for the ghoorkas to shoot for, and the afternoon ended with races; a regular racing stand, and a very tolerable course for the hills, all the gentlemen in satin jackets and jockey caps, and a weighing stand—in short, everything got up regularly. I never can care about races, but this was a popular bit of the day with most of the people, who had vague recollections of Epsom in their young days. Half the stakes went to the charity. Altogether there is money enough to keep up the hospital for four years, by which time another Governor-General will be here; but I'm afraid when Dr. D. goes, it will not be the useful establishment it has been. Everybody likes these out-of-door amusements at this time of year, and it is a marvel to me how well X. and R. and L. E. contrive to make all their plots and diguises go on. I suppose in a very small society it is easier than it would be in England, and they have all the assistance of servants to any amount, who do all they are told, and merely think the 'Sahib Logue' are mad.

Friday, Oct. 4.

This has had a week's interruption, for I was taken on Saturday with spasms, and then fever, and so on; and have been quite laid up.

The August Overland arrived yesterday. Letters of August 12th here on October 3rd. Quicker than ever! By the bye, I beg to remind you that we left Portsmouth this day four years. There is something in that; I do not exactly know what, but something—the waste of four good years, if nothing else. Your letters from Newsalls, and all the letters, had a quiet, pleasant *family way* with them, but very few events. It is rather shocking to see you regretting your London season so much. I am afraid, my dear M., that after 'a youth of folly' you will be reduced to solace yourself with 'an old age of cards.'

With the Bombay dâk came that shawl of Colonel Skinner's I told you we were expecting, but we were so occupied with the letters, we could not at first attend to the shawl; but now upon investigation, we are all of opinion there never was so handsome an article seen. The dâk was, I suppose, overloaded, so that only one shawl is come. F. and I are in such a horrid

fright, lest the other should be lost. We have not the nerve to draw lots for this one; it would be almost less unpleasant to cut it in two.

One of our servants dropped down dead in the verandah three days ago. He was talking and laughing with some of the others, squatting on the ground in their usual fashion, and he just laid his head back and died. He was a young man—one we always called Shylock, from his sharp, Jewish look. There are several of his relations in the establishment, and their screams were horrible; but twelve hours after they buried him; yesterday they gave a great feast to all the Mussulmauns, and when that is over, they always seem very comfortable again.

Think of T. putting in a letter to F. yesterday, 'This happy result of the war will of course ensure Lord A.'s *elevation to the peerage*, there cannot be two opinions about that.'

Curious ignorance, combined with considerable vulgarity! 'Yet Nature might have made us such as these,' as Autolycus says; though really I do not see how she could, with any conscience, or without a great deal of trouble. T. is anxiou we should stop a few days at —— on our way down, that we may make acquaintance with 'my dear wife and daughter,' as he fears it will not

suit his finances to go to Calcutta at present. I think I see the whole camp of 12,000 precious souls stopping a few days at a station where there are three Europeans just to make acquaintance with Mrs. and Miss T.! But all J.'s letters are 'du Collins tout pur.'

Tuesday, Oct. 8.

The second shawl is come to hand safe. Captain P. writes from Cashmere that he has seen those that are in the loom there for us, and that they will not be finished for some months, but he says he never saw anything the least like them. He gives such a horrid account of the tyranny of the Sikhs over the Cashmerees, and in their own jaghires, through which he has been passing; their cruelty is dreadful. He has been through the territories belonging to the Jumnoo family, to which Dhian Singh, the Prime Minister, our friend Heera Singh, and an uncle of his, Gholâb Singh, belong.

The number of persons without noses, or ears, are incredible, and Gholâb Singh, who is the worst of all, actually flayed alive the other day, 300 men who had offended him.

It is the practice of that family never to allow a female infant of their race to live; they marry wives from other very high Rajpoot families,

but they will not give their daughters to inferior princes nor let them live unmarried, so they are all put away as soon as they are born. I wonder the wives do not get up a little rebellion of their own.

Wednesday, October 9.

Sir E. Ryan, the chief justice, has come up from Calcutta on a hurried tour to see India, and has seen more in five weeks than we have by lumbering about in a camp for two years; and, moreover, we are all aghast and rather affronted at his looks. We meant him to come up with a parboiled Calcutta appearance, instead of which he looks younger and better than when we first saw him; he has a very good colour, and walks everybody to death. He came straight here after his journey up the hills, and met G. and me on the road, took one of our longest walks with us, and never would listen to our offer of the assistance of a pony. He is a pleasant man, a good Whig, and keeps up his English politics, and English books, and English laugh, and enjoys seeing everything, and wants a little cricket in the afternoon. He is staying with Mr. ——, but as the visit is by way of being to us, they dine here most days.

Sunday, Oct. 15.

We have the deputation from Kurruck Sing up here now, and had a very pretty durbar yesterday, to which they brought their presents. We asked a few ladies who had never seen a durbar, to come, and put them behind the crowd, and they thought it a beautiful sight. While the durbar was going on, there came an express to Mr. A. saying that Noor Mahal Singh, the heir-apparent, and Dhian Singh had gone into Kurruck's durbar and shot at a favourite of his, Cheyt Singh, who was sitting so close to his master that some of the shot went into Kurruck's foot; he begged them to kill him and spare his favourite, but they finished Cheyt with their sabres. We give the soldiers a ball to-morrow, and on Tuesday begin to pack up. I keep thinking it is the first step towards going home to you, dear M., but I wish you lived *more handy like.*

My journey will be shorter than the others', I leave the camp at Agra; as G. and the rest of the party leave the camp at Gwalior, and will not be at Calcutta till the beginning of April. I shall be housed at the end of February.

CHAPTER XVII.

Simla, Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1839.

It is rather soon to begin again, but habit is everything, and there is a little more to say while the Sikhs are here. Our ball for them last night went off very well. I had the verandahs all closed in with branches of trees and carpets put down and lamps put up, and the house looked a great deal larger. The chiefs were in splendid gold dresses, and certainly very gentlemanlike men. They sat bolt upright on their chairs with their feet dangling, and I dare say suffered agonies from cramp. C. said we saw them amazingly divided between the necessity of listening to G. and their native feelings of not *seeming* surprised, and their curiosity at men and women dancing together. I think that they learned at least two figures of the quadrilles by heart, for I saw Golâb Singh, the commander of the Goorcherras, who has been with Europeans before, expounding the dancing to the others.

The two chief Sirdars were not even at Lahore when we were there. I thought they might eventually be taught to flirt, and wanted Mr. A. to try and make up a match between the old fakeer and old Miss J., who is between sixty and seventy and something like the fakeer. Mr. A. was quite willing, but unluckily Miss J. did not come.

Thursday, Oct. 17.

The gentlemen got up some racing yesterday, to which the Sikhs came and we all went. Racing is one of the few amusements they can enter into, and they were very much amused. G. gave a silver hookah to be run for, and the aides-de-camp a silver cheroot box, &c. The Sikhs saw us drawing a lottery for the races and enquired what it meant, and in their quick way set one up. Lehna Singh sent word to twelve of his guards to start; wrote all their names in Persian on bits of paper, and said with a complacent smile 'Lotteree.'

Their races were very funny. They started as fast as the horse could go—no Sikh horse can gallop 100 yards—and then they trotted on, or walked, or stopped; but towards the winning-post the first man always came in waving his

whip over his head, looking in a prodigious hurry, with the others at least a quarter of a mile behind. They rode with their heavy shields and helmets on, and one man in chain-armour, which helped to break his horse's leg. However, G. gave him a new horse, and gave the four winners a pair of shawls each, so they thought English racing quite delightful.

Friday, Oct. 18.

The Sikhs had their farewell durbar to-day. They are in such a fright, poor people! at going back to their disturbed country, that they begged for even one of the Government House hirkarus as a protection. They say they were sent by Kurruck Singh, whose power has now passed into the hands of his son and his minister, and they don't know what may be done to them when they go back.

Noor Mahal and Dhian Singh called before them the uncle of Cheyt Singh, whose murder I mentioned to you in my last journal, and after trying to make him confess where some pearls and jewels were hidden, killed him with their own hands, and threw his body out before the palace gate. Another chief, *they* say, killed himself in prison, but others say they poisoned him. The

Punjâb is fast returning to the barbarous state from which Runjeet redeemed it.

The native writer describes it all so like some of the old Jewish troubles. He says: 'The Maharajah refused comfort, and asked if he were really king, or if the power had left him; and the Koonwur (Noor Mahal) and the Rajah answered, that he was the Lord of the World and that they were his slaves. The Maharajah went out to take the air on his elephant, and the Koonwur sat behind him and drove the flies from him with a chowry, and the Rajah carried a chattah (an umbrella) over his head'—and then they came back and imprisoned and beat more of his servants.

We had some more ladies to see the durbar, and the secretaries have become resigned to that innovation, and think it rather improves the appearance of things.

Wednesday, Oct. 23.

P. returned from Cashmere to-day, much sooner than we expected him. He walked into my room just as I was going to dress, and I should not have known him the least if I had met him out of doors. He said, he had spoken to several people, who had not made him out at all. His hair is quite long, hanging about his

shoulders, and his beard half way down to his waist. It is a mark of respectability in the countries he has travelled through, but it looks ruffianish here: however, it was rather becoming. P. gives such an account of the shawls that are making for us in Cashmere, and he has brought drawings of them that make one's shawl-mouth water.

Hurripore, Wednesday, Oct. 30.

There! I have seen the last of poor, dear Simla, except a distant glimpse from the Fir Tree Bungalow, where I shall sleep to-morrow.

This place is so very low and hot accordingly. I had always settled to make my journey to Barr last four days. More than three hours of a jonpaun knocks me up, and the last three days I have unluckily been ailing. I should not have set off yesterday afternoon, only that my bed and sofa and every atom of clothes had gone on in the morning, and three hours of any pain can be borne. So in spite of a desperate head-ache, I started for Syree, with Dr. D., Giles, and Wright, meaning to get into bed the moment I arrived. But I had the sad spectacle of my bed set down about half way, and the coolies smoking and cooking their dinner round it.

However, Rosina had made me up a bed on a native charpoy that did to lie and excruciate my head upon, till the bed came up, and the doctor made me up a composing draught; but such a night as I had! I had not tasted anything for thirty-six hours, and about ten, an insane desire for a sandwich seized me; so, though I had heard the cooks with all their chattels set off for this place two hours before, I called to the hirkaru who was sleeping at the door, and told him to tell Giles I wanted a sandwich. Hirkarus are good for carrying a note, or a parcel, but are never trusted with a message. After making me repeat sandwich six times, and evidently thinking it meant a friend from England, or some new medicine, I heard him repeating as he walked off round the bungalow, 'Lady Sahib sant vich muncta' (muncta meaning '*wants*,' and the only word that we have all learnt, showing what *wanting* creatures we are). Giles made up a mixture of leg of chicken and dust, which was satisfying under the circumstances, but still my head raved, and having heard the jackals (which do not exist at Simla) tearing up a dog, I had a vague idea that the sandwich was made of the

remains of Chance, which gave it an unpleasant flavour.

Then the Pariah dogs fought, and the A.'s coolies arrived with all their things and insisted on bringing them into the bungalow.

Then the Paharrees, at least 500 of them, who were resting on the hill, began calling to their friends, 500 more, who were cooking in the valley. One man was calling for his friend Buddooah. 'Oh! Buddooah! Buddoo!' to which somebody responded, 'Oh! Almooah!' and it was not Almooah who had called; so then the caller began again at the top of his voice: 'Oh! Buddooah!' and the answer was, 'Oh! Culloo!' but it was not Culloo, by any manner of means; so then he called again, till he had woke every Buddooah in camp, and I don't believe he ever found the right one at last.

However, I arrived at the conclusion that Buddooah must be Hindoostanee for 'Jack,' it seemed such a common name, and that is a great discovery, and I also settled that, if I had had a stick and no headache, I would have gone and taught that man to carry his own messages, and not stand there screaming all night.

The conclusion of the night was, that a rat ran

over my bed and across my throat, and did not the least care for my trying to catch him. We came on early this morning, and my head is beginning to improve.

Fir Tree Bungalow, Friday, Nov. 1.

F. and G. and P. arrived to breakfast to-day, and this afternoon we all go down to our deplorable tents. There is a distant view of Simla from this place, and very pretty it looks. Giles is taking a sentimental farewell of it through a telescope, and lamenting over his lost garden: 'But one comfort, ma'am, is that I have brought away my favourite gardener to look after your pheasants.' I am trying to carry down to Calcutta some of the Himalayan pheasants, to be shipped off to your Charlie, the moment we arrive.

They are such beautiful creatures, the whole bird of bronzed blue, like the breast of a peacock, except the tail and wings, which are of a reddish brown, and they have a bright green tuft on their heads. I have had some of them two months, and they have grown tame, but at first, they are very apt to die of fright. Yesterday, when I took up the last new one to feed it,

it fainted away and died soon after. However, I still have five, and they have a snug little house, carried by two men, and a little tent of netting, which is pitched in front of it when we halt, so that they may run in and out without being touched. Every precaution is taken, but still there will be many a slip between this pheasant cup and Charlie's lip, I am afraid.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Pinjore, Sunday, Nov. 3, 1839.

YES! we are in for it now. All the old discomfort, and worse; for we left the nice autumnal air blowing at the Fir Tree, with the fern waving and the trees looking red, and brown, and green, and beautiful—and now we are in all our old camel-dust and noise, the thermometer at 90° in the tents, and the punkah going. We received the officers of the escort and their wives, after church, which was hot work, but I am rather glad we have so many ladies in camp, it makes it pleasanter for the gentlemen, and at the different stations it is very popular. Last year there were only F. and me. In ten days, when we shall have a fresh cavalry regiment, there will be at least twenty, and about twelve of them dancers, which is lucky, for we hear of an awful number of balls in prospect.

They were a ladylike set that we saw to-day; one of them a striking likeness of you—a thing

that I deny to everybody else, but still I do see it; and perhaps it is better than nothing.

Munny Majra, Monday, Nov. 4.

We began riding part of the march to-day, and the horses go very well, considering they have had a rest for seven months. My horse is such an angel! I really like him with a sort of minor Chance sentiment.

Umballa, Thursday, Nov. 7.

E. N. and Mr. G. met us this morning, and rode in with us, and in the afternoon we went to see E. N.'s house, which he has furnished very nicely, quite in his mother's style.

A Captain B. arrived from Cabul, with one or two others, and are to march with us to Kurnaul. They all deny the report of the army ever having suffered further distress than a want of wine and cigars, and they are all looking uncommonly fat.

Captain D., of G.'s body-guard, brought back three of the sheep with which he left us last year, and the 16th are bringing back in safety their pack of fox-hounds. That does not look like having undergone great privation. Captain B. brought me two shawls from Sir W. C., very

pretty ones, at least we should have thought them so, before we were spoiled by plenty.

Shah-i-bad.

Mrs. B. arrived last night to meet her husband. She did not know he was come, so she went straight to E. N.'s bungalow—the usual method with ladies travelling dâk—and he found her there, when he went home from dinner.

He said, he had given up the house to her and gone into a tent, and that the two little children had arrived with their dear little stomachs much discomposed by the journey, and had spoilt the sofa whose cover I had admired in the morning.

This was the place where I bought my little girls last year, and it is a curious coincidence, that their nominal father, who went to the Punjâb and took service with Shere Singh, has left him, and arrived at this place last night, found Rosina's tent, woke her up in the middle of the night, and the little girls too, and cried and sobbed and kissed the children, and wanted very much to have them back again. They are so afraid he will carry them off, that they will not lose sight of Rosina for a moment. Shere Singh gave this

man a rupee a day to teach his cook English cookery like ours. The man had only waited at our table, so his imitation of an English *cuisine* must have been faint and nasty.

Thanjou, Saturday, Nov. 9.

The dear overland post came in just as we came off the march, and were sitting in front of the tents, sipping gritty tea, dusty up to the eyes, and with a wretched 'up-before-breakfast' feeling, which evinces itself in different manners; X. and Z. sneeze at each other; W. O. smokes a double allowance; F. suffers from hunger; I yawn; G. groans and turns black; the doctor scolds C. because the road was dusty, and A. rushes off to business; but this *bad bit* was cut short by that packet.

I know so well all you say, dearest, about these *weary* feelings of life; not that you have any right to them, because you have so many young lives growing up round you — first volumes of novels that you ought to carry on to third volumes.

I have a right to feel vapid and tired and willing to lie down and rest; for during the last four years my life has been essentially an arti-

ficial life; and, moreover, from my bad health it is physically fatiguing, and I feel I am flagging much more than I ever expected to do. I should like to see you and to be at home again; but I have no wish to begin a fresh course of life, not from any quarrel with it, for I know nobody who is in fact more spoiled, as far as worldly prosperity goes. I never wish for a thing here, that I cannot have, and G., who has always been a sort of idol to me, is, I really think, fonder of me than ever, and more dependent on me, as I am his only confidant. I feel I am of use to him, and that I am in my right place when I am by his side. Moreover, his government here has hitherto been singularly prosperous and his health very good, so that there is nothing *outward* to find fault with, and much to be thankful for. Still, I have had enough of it, and as people say in ships, there is a difficulty in 'carrying on.'

'My blood creeps now only in drops through its courses, and the heart that I had of old, stirs feebly and heavily within me.' It is the change from youth to age, and made in unfamiliar scenes, so that it is the more felt. I never had any opinion of

> The glories serenely adorning the close of our day,
> The calm eve of our night, ...

and never wanted the caution,

> Nor from the dregs of life hope to receive
> What the first sprightly runnings would not give.

The dregs never held out any promise, but the first sprightly runnings gave a good deal more happiness than people generally allow. I am quite sure that you and I feel unusually detached from the future, from having enjoyed our young days so eagerly.

They were very happy lives; and very often, when I am too tired to do anything else, I can think over particular days, with nothing but high spirits to recommend them, that are still quite refreshing. Days, when we were making rush-mats in the garden; then your first 'coming out' at Oxford, with Lady Grenville; the day Mr. C. gave me my parrot, in what we called a gold cage; then, later on, visits to Longleat, and a sort of humble adoration of Lady B. and Lady G.; and then, of all the fortnights in life I should like to do over again, that fortnight at Burgh; —— —— meeting us on his little black pony, as you brought me back from Thames Ditton, and giving me some heath and some blue-bells, and then the fun of peering out of your window, to see him on the lawn. I could draw his

picture now quite easily. Then there were some good passages at Neasdon, when T. and E. were such dear, little, small things; so stupid of them to grow up, they should never have consented to pass four years old. However, it is of no use going over these things; only, when you say you are rather tired, I merely answer—so am I!

God bless you, dearest. In two days we shall be at Kurnaul, where we shall halt the rest of the week; such a dusty, hot place. I never meant when I started in life to march three times through Kurnaul. However, it is all on the way home.

CHAPTER XIX.

Camp, Kurnaul, Nov. 13, 1839.

We arrived here yesterday morning, and it is horrible to think how by constantly campaigning about we have become 'Kurnaul's tired denizens.' This is the third time we have been here; the camp is always pitched in precisely the same place; the camp followers go and cook at their old ashes; Chance roots up the bones he buried last year; we disturb the same ants' nests; in fact this is our 'third Kurnaul season,' as people would say of London, or Bath.

We had the same display of troops on arriving, except that a bright yellow General N. has taken his liver complaint home, and a pale primrose General D., who has been renovating for some years at Bath, has come out to take his place. We were at home in the evening, and it was an immense party, but except that pretty Mrs. J., who was at Simla, and who looked like a star amongst the others, the women were all plain.

I don't wonder that if a tolerable-looking girl comes up the country that she is persecuted with proposals. There were several gentlemen at Kurnaul avowedly on the look-out for a wife.

That Mrs. —— we always called 'the little corpse' is still at Kurnaul. She came and sat herself down by me, upon which Mr. K., with great presence of mind, offered me his arm, and asked if I would not like to walk, and said to G., he was taking me away from that corpse. 'You are quite right,' G. said; 'it would be very dangerous sitting on the same sofa; we don't know what she died of.'

G. gives a great *man* dinner to-day, which is refreshing to his womenkind, who may dine quietly in their own tents.

Friday, Nov. 15.

There were some races early yesterday morning, to which they expected us to go; so I got up early and went with G., and luckily they were more amusing than most Indian races. Captain Z. revels in a halt at a great station, calls at everybody's house, eats everybody's breakfast, and asks himself to dinner everywhere; also rides everybody's horses, and as, when he is well fed and thickly clothed, he

weighs about four pounds, he is a valuable jockey, and he won two races to his great delight.

The last race was run by fifteen of the grass-cutters' ponies, ridden by their owners. These ponies are always skeletons, and their riders wear no great quantity of drapery, partly because they have no means of buying it, and then it is not their custom. They ride without saddles, and go as fast as they can, with their legs and arms flying in the air, looking like spiders riding on ants. One pony, which was not particularly lame, was reckoned so very superior, that all the other riders insisted on his carrying two grass-cutters, so the poor animal cantered in with two men on his back. I was so sleepy at the ball last night; I had sat two hours by K., knowing I should have to go in to supper with him, and at last, in a fit of desperation, asked Colonel L., one of our camp, to give me his arm. He is a regular misanthrope, and a professed woman-hater, and never even will call on us, though he has to come to the house every day to see G., and he looked astounded at my assurance; however, he bore it very well, and was rather pleasant in a bitter

kind of way. We did not get home till past one. To-day we have a small dinner, chiefly of people who have come into camp from a distance.

Sunday, Nov. 17.

We left Kurnaul yesterday morning. Little Mrs. J. was so unhappy at our going, that we asked her to come and pass the day here, and brought her with us. She went from tent to tent and chattered all day, and visited her friend Mrs. ——, who is with the camp. I gave her a pink silk gown, and it was altogether a very happy day for her, evidently. It ended in her going back to Kurnaul on my elephant with E. N. by her side, and Mr. J. sitting behind, and she had never been on an elephant before, and thought it delightful. She is very pretty, and a good little thing, apparently, but they are very poor, and she is very young and lively, and if she falls into bad hands, she would soon laugh herself into foolish scrapes. At present the husband and wife are very fond of each other, but a girl who marries at fifteen hardly knows what she likes.

Paniput, Tuesday, Nov. 19.

I am so tired of being always at Paniput; are not you tired of hearing of it? We are constantly dropping in there. There is one European living here, a Mr. ——, the image of Jenkins, the dancing-master, for which simple reason we have always liked him. He has no other striking merit, but there is a halo of 'Prince of Wales's step' and 'the slow movement' floating round him which is rather interesting.

We went to see his gaol, two miles off, and the first shower of rain of the season chose to come just as we were half-way there, on the elephants. A howdah is a sort of open cage without a top, and nobody had thought of a cloak, so it was a pleasant expedition. Paniput has had several famous battles fought at, or near it, and there is a grand tradition of one battle where 200,000 men fought on each side, and four were left alive. That is something like fighting; but happily it is not true.

Friday, Nov. 22.

We have had two or three most uneventful marches, and Sergeant H., who goes on the day

before, always sends back the same report, 'Road rough and very dusty,' or to vary it, 'Road very rough and dusty.' However, we are always able to ride half of the way, which is a great help.

To-day we came over a wretched road and a bridge with one arch broken and no parapet and as Sergeant H. reported, 'Bridge in a worse state, if possible, than last year; quite unsafe for the carriage.' After we come in to camp, we generally all sit in front of the tents and drink tea. The gentlemen come and ask for a cup and talk over the disasters of the road, and it is rather a gossiping time; particularly when enlivened by Mr. S., who is always like a sharp contradictory character in a farce, but before he has had his breakfast, he is perfectly rabid. To-day he began as usual.

'How slowly you must have come.'

'The road was so bad,' I said.

'Yes, so everybody chooses to say. I thought it the best road we have had, much better than any of C.'s famous smooth roads.'

'Did you come safely over that bridge?'

'What was to hinder me? I cannot think why

people find fault with that bridge, one of the best bridges I ever saw.'

'Except that it has a broken arch and no parapet,' I suggested.

'Well! nobody wants to drive on a parapet. I think parapets are perfectly useless.'

Then C.'s palanquin went by, and as he was standing with us Mr. S. took the opportunity of asking, 'What wretches of children are those, I wonder?' 'Mine,' said C., 'or you would have had no pleasure in asking.'

It was such nonsense! Little 'Missey C.' is the smallest, prettiest little fairy I ever saw, and the pet of the whole camp; they are really beautiful children, and S. knew the palanquin perfectly. I told him at last he was just what our governess used to call 'a child that had got out of bed the wrong way,' and recommended his having his breakfast as soon as possible, and he owned, he thought it advisable himself.

Delhi, Monday, Nov. 25.

I am glad to be at dear Delhi again, it is the only place in the plains, I have ever seen worth looking at, and it looks grander and more 'great Babylonish' than ever. We arrived on Satur-

day morning and rode in through an immense crowd, for besides all the regiments here, people have come from all parts just to ask for what they can get; appointments are filled up in November, because all the sick people who have been knocked up by the hot season get their furloughs for going home.

G. hates Delhi from the very circumstance of all these applicants. We had an immense party on Saturday evening, and nobody but ourselves knows who composed it.

There were young ladies from Meerut come for the chance of two balls, and all the ladies of our camp, and a great many from Kurnaul, and several young civilians who really had come in from their solitary stations to look for wives.

F. has caught such a cold she cannot go out. We never can settle whether we would rather have a slight illness, or go through all the festivities of a station.

F. has not tried it before, but she now thinks she prefers the cold, only she has too much pain in her bones.

The people will not tempt us with many pretty things to buy, or else we have grown particular.

Tuesday, Nov. 26.

We had a great dinner yesterday, and G. and I went to the station ball, which was very well managed. I do not know why one ball should be better than another; as far as the dinners are concerned, I think they are all equally tiresome, but balls do differ.

This was a very *dancing* business, and we did not get away till one. It went on till three, and I have been obliged to represent to our *engaged* aides-de-camp how very wrong it is of them to dance three times with the same girl—such a waste of time to all parties.

P. is quite altered since he has been engaged, and will talk and joke and dance in the most *débonnair* manner. I suggested to him the propriety of my writing to Miss S. about his dancing three times with the same young lady, but he says he danced once under Captain L. E.'s name, and that he got up early to write an account of himself to 'Clarissa,' this morning, mentioning that he had no pleasure in society whatever!

I have just been to ask G. to give F. and me two rings on which we have fixed our small

affections, to which he was quite agreeable; but he had a lavish idea about buying for us two diamond bracelets, that a man from Lucknow has brought. I think that would be rather indefensible. However, they are gone to be valued.

CHAPTER XX.

Kootûb, Wednesday, Nov. 27, 1839.

We made this our first march, as most of the camp have not seen it. It is the most magnificent pillar, I suppose, in the world, and looks as if it had been built yesterday; but all the fine ruins about it have crumbled away sadly, even since we were here two years ago.

Those diamond bracelets were not worth half what the man asked for them, which I am rather glad of, as I think it would have been a waste of money, and we do not want more trinkets.

G. and I had to go last night to a play, got up by amateurs, which was rather a failure, because the chief character did not happen to know a single word of his part, and that put out all the others, but they thought it rather good themselves.

This morning the General insisted on having all the troops paraded at six in the morning, and so, as F. still has her cold, and G. hates being

left by himself, I had to ride out of camp. It was nearly dark, and they fired the salutes right into the horses faces, and then poked their colours into their eyes, and drummed 'God save the King' into their ears, all which induced them to prance. I thought it rather dangerous, very noisy, and extremely tiresome, and I could not think of a word to say to General M. that I had not said at least eight times over in the last three days, so I was glad when he thought he had convoyed us out of his grounds, and if we ever go back to Delhi again I hope there will be a new general, so that the same topics may serve me again and look fresh.

I had a great mind to tell him that I felt very ill, which was quite true, but as the water at Delhi is invariably a rank poison that would have been nothing new.

Bullumghur, Friday, Nov. 29.

We had made a pretty arrangement yesterday to go to a small private camp at Toglichabad; a very old town with some splendid ruins about it, and there had been a road made for us, and supplies sent; but then F.'s cold was still bad, and my Delhi illness was worse than ever, so we gave it up, though it looked inconsistent and

foolish after all the fuss that had been made, and X. says there was a quantity to see and sketch. I have only been able to make four sketches since we left Simla, for dearth of subjects; but I am glad we did not go, I had such a headache. Half the camp was poisoned at Delhi.

Sunday, Dec. 1.

We are all well again, and just think of the pleasure of the October mail arriving this morning, only a fortnight after the last. G. has a letter of the 16th, only just six weeks old, but there is some mistake about yours and the letters of the family in general. They are sent off a fortnight too soon; at least we always have public letters and papers dated a fortnight later, and those newspapers, besides taking off the edge of the news for half the next month, put me in a fright. I am so afraid, after hearing that you were well and prosperous the 8th of September, of finding in the 'Morning Chronicle' of October 12th, that C. D., Esq., who lives not 100 miles from Newsalls, was taken before the magistrates for beating M. his wife, and tearing her hair and her best shawl; or else that your new house in Stratton Street had been burnt down, before you

could insure it, and that you had lost your little all, and perhaps were found begging in the streets, surrounded by your nine children, and causing an obstruction at Hyde Park Corner. Do you know, that whenever I read a heap of English papers at once, 'indeed, indeed I'm very very sick,' there is such a quantity of crime; this time the cruelty to children and apprentices has put me in a frenzy, and there are at least eight exemplary wives murdered by their husbands, and one murderer gets off with six months' imprisonment, because his lawyer chooses to make a pert attack on Lord ——, which pleases the Recorder—so like English justice. I am also very low about politics. I hate all those last changes and I wish the Whigs would go quietly and respectably out in a body, and leave the Tories and Radicals to fight it out.

Wednesday, Dec. 4.

Last night, when we were playing at whist, I saw X. fidgetting about behind G.'s chair with a note in his hand, and began to think you were ill, and had sent for me to your tent, or something of that sort; but it turned out to be an express with another little battle, and a most successful one. The Khan of Khelât was by way

of being our ally and assistant, and professing friendship, did himself the pleasure of cutting off the supplies of the army, when it was on its way to Cabul; set his followers on to rob the camp; corresponded with Dost Mahomed, &c.

There was no time to fight with him then, and I suppose he was beginning to think himself secure; but G. directed the Bombay army, on its way home, to settle this little Khelât trouble. General —— was led to suppose his place was not a strong one, and took only 1,000 men with him, but he found Khelât a very strong fort with plenty of guns, and the Khan at the head of 2,000 soldiers. It was all done in the Ghuznee manner—the gates blown in and the fort stormed —but the fighting was very severe. The khan and his principal chiefs died sword in hand, which was rather too fine a death for such a double traitor as he has been; and one in six of our troops were either killed or wounded, which is an unusual proportion. They found in the town a great many of our camels and much of the property that had been pillaged from the army. Also there will be a great deal of prize money. Another man has been put on the Khelât throne, so that business is finished.

Bindrabund, Saturday, Dec. 7.

This is a famous Hindu place, and we have come a march out of the way to look at it, partly because there is a great deal to see, and then that the Sepoys and half our camp may perform their devotions. The Hindu devotions are always inexplicable, except in the simple fact that the Brahmins cheat them out of a quantity of money, and our Mussulmaun servants cannot be sufficiently contemptuous to-day, as to the state of affairs.

Monkeys and peacocks are sacred here, and consequently abound; and then they have a tradition that Krishna (who seems to have been a larking sort of Apollo) played various pranks here, and, amongst other little jokes, stole all the clothes of the wives of the cowherds when they went into the river to bathe, and carried them to the top of a tree, to which they were obliged to come and beg, before he would give them back. He is adored here for the delicacy of this freak, and a temple has been built to commemorate it.

We went yesterday to visit all the temples and ruins under the guidance of ——, who led us quite wrong and wasted our time at modern temples, when we wanted to see the old ruins,

but he rather made up for it by taking us in boats on the Jumna to look at the ghauts. However, the whole thing was done in state, with tribes of elephants, and dust, and all the camp, and the secretaries, who never let us say or see anything comfortably; so F. and I settled to stay behind to-day, when the camp moved, and to pass our morning in an old Jain temple of singular beauty, red granite, magnificently carved, but the roof and half the heads of the statues were knocked off by Aurungzebe in a fit of Mussulmaun bigotry. X. and P. stayed with us, and we all settled ourselves in different corners of the building, with a quantity of grains and sweetmeats in the middle, to keep the monkeys quiet. Our breakfast was laid out in a sort of side aisle of grotesque Hindu columns, and at each column was a servant with a long stick keeping off the monkeys from the tea and chocolate. One very enterprising monkey rushed down and carried off my Indian rubber, which is a great loss to me, and I trust it disagreed with him. It was an elaborate building to sketch, and we were nearly four hours about it, but we all succeeded more or less; and it was so cool and dark in the temple, it made it quite a pleasant morning, to

say nothing of a brass, antique teapot and some lovely, little brass goats which X. bought for me coming back.

Muttra, Sunday, Dec. 8.

We came on in the evening to camp, and found G. at a durbar receiving a Vakeel from the Bhurtpore Rajah and a visit from Luckund Chund, the richest banker in India. He has two millions of money in Company's paper at Calcutta, and only draws the interest once in four years. He is a jeweller also by trade, and has some very handsome emeralds in camp to dispose of. He brought 101 trays of presents, which gladdened Mr. C.'s heart. We had a large congregation this morning, as there is a troop of artillery here, and the English soldiers looked so well and homelike at church.

Goverdun, Monday, Dec. 9.

These have been very good sight-seeing days, and I think I like Hindus just now, better than Mussulmauns. They consider trees sacred, and that makes their country so much prettier. We went to a beautiful tomb this afternoon surrounded by old temples and tombs belonging to the Bhurtpore Rajah. The inside of one temple

is painted with the original siege of Bhurtpore and Lord Lake running away—the Europeans were originally painted running away without their heads, but that has been rectified. Then we went to what they call a chuttree, or something of that kind, a place where there has been a suttee, and there are some lovely temples built over the ashes. There never is time enough for sketching, which is a pity.

CHAPTER XXI.

Dieg, Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1839.

THE Bhurtpore Rajah came out to meet G. to-day with a pretty retinue, odd-looking carriages and horses covered with gold, but he is a fat, hideous young man himself. We went in the afternoon to see the palace at Dieg, which the Rajahs used to live in before the siege of Bhurtpore, but they make no use of it now, which is a pity. The gardens are intersected in all directions by fountains, and the four great buildings at each side of the garden, which make up their palaces, are great masses of open colonnades with baths, or small rooms screened off by carved, white marble slabs, and the fountains play all round the halls, so that even in the hot winds, Mr. H. says, it is cool in the centre of these halls. It was a very pretty sight to-day, from the crowds of people mixed up with the spring of the waters; and the Mahrattas wear

such beautiful scarlet turbans covered with gold or silver cords, that they showed it off well.

There is a Colonel E. come into camp to-day: he is the Resident at Gwalior, and is come to fetch us. He is about the largest man I ever saw, and always brings his own chair with him because he cannot fit into any other. He has lived so entirely with natives that I fancy he very seldom sits on a chair at all, and I suppose he is, as —— says, very shy of white females, for it was impossible to get an answer from him. It is a curious fact that the very

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Khoomberee, Wednesday, Dec. 11.

I would give anything to know what curious fact I was going to tell you. You never *will* know it now, that is certain. To finish off Colonel E. I must mention that the officer who commands his escort is called Snook, and that his godfathers, to make it worse, called him Violet. He is a little man, about five feet high, and is supposed to have called out three people for calling him Snooks instead of *Snook*. I am giving up my plan of leaving G. at Agra. He has cut off a month of his tour, and means to go straight to Calcutta from Gwalior, which is seven

marches longer than my road, and with six days there, he would only be thirteen days later than me; the old khansamah has set his face steadily against it. He says, I have no business to leave the Lord Sahib, and that if I take away one steamboat full of baggage and servants, he cannot make show enough at Gwalior. Moreover, I am so well this year, I have no excuse for idleness, when it would be so generally inconvenient; and I do not like to leave G. and F. for two months, now that it only saves thirteen days. We shall all be at Calcutta by the first of March now.

Bhurtpore, Thursday, Dec. 12.

We had some cheeta hunting on the way here. Antelopes abound, there are hundreds of them to be seen at a time; the cheetas are put in carts like the common hackeries the natives use, and which the antelopes are accustomed to see, so they do not get much out of the way, and when the cart is within 400 yards, the cheeta's hood is taken off, and he makes two or three bounds and generally knocks down the antelope. If he fails after a few bounds, he gets disgusted and comes back to the cart. There were two or three good chases this morning but no ante-

lope killed, which was rather a blessing. We went so much out of the road, that the regiments and all their baggage got before us, and we could not go on in the carriage, and had to ride seven miles which I thought long. The Bhurtpore Rajah came to the durbar in the afternoon. He is the ugliest and fattest young man I ever saw. A small face that takes up the usual space of the chin, and all the rest is head. He is very black, marked with the small-pox, and can hardly waddle for fat, and is only twenty-one. He was just six years old, when Lord Combermere put him on his throne.

Bhurtpore, Friday, Dec. 13.

The Rajah is supposed to have the best shooting in India, and was to give G. the most delightful sport, so there was such a fuss to be off at six in the morning, and such a tribe of elephants, and such jealousy as to who was to go, and how many, and perhaps a slight wonder as to how all the game was to be disposed of; and they were out five hours, and came back in a frenzy; G. having shot one quail and a wild cat, and some one else a partridge, and another had seen a hare, and the Rajah had said at the

end that he hoped the Lord Sahib was 'bhote razee,' which means more than quite delighted with his day's sport. I think he must be facetious though he does not look so. Mr. R. stayed behind to let F. and me see some hawking, and we took Mrs. C. and Mrs. R. and several of the officers and went into a boat with a large raised platform, and the men with hawks went wading into the water and put up wild ducks which the hawks invariably caught. We could not complain of want of sport, but it is rather a butchering business.

Futtehpore-Sickrey, Saturday, Dec. 14.

We went to a beautiful fête last night, I never saw such illuminations anywhere. The whole town for two miles was lit up with straight rows of lamps, and at the palace there was a square of lights with four great arches three stories high, with doors and windows all built of lamps. The whole thing was very well ordered.

The Rajah took G. into an immense hall fitted up in the oddest way with French chandeliers of green and purple and yellow glass as thick as they could be hung. Looking-glasses, and old-

fashioned mirrors, and English prints on the wall. At the end there was the 'chamber of daïs,' very much painted and gilded, and raised three steps, and there we were all 'set of a row,' G. on one side of the Rajah and I on the other, and all our party in chairs, and his prime minister in the centre. All round the hall were the officers of the escort and their wives, and the Bhurtpore chiefs, and in the middle a very select assembly of nautch-girls. I never saw so orderly a native party. The Rajah was very nervous at first and his wide black face full of twitches, but Mr. H. says, he was very much pleased with the success of his party, as it is the first time he has ever seemed to act for himself. It is always a dull job, except that I like to look at the nautching, which bores most people. The prime minister's little boy was introduced, a deformed little animal, and G. gave him a diamond ring, which was unexpected and well taken.

Then after G.'s trays of presents were taken away, there came in six for me and six for F. of rather nice, little articles, dressing gowns of cloth of gold lined with cashemere, ivory chowries and fans, silver tissue for turbans, very pretty pickings if they had been private presents, but I saw

C. twisting his moustaches in agonies, because they were not intrinsically worth the diamond rings we gave in exchange. I fancied the Rajah smelt very strongly of green fat, and as it was past eight, and we are used to early dinners in camp, I thought in my hunger, what a pity it was that we had not brought St. Cloup, who in half an hour would have warmed the Rajah up into excellent turtle soup. We had a march of seventeen miles this morning, the longest we have ever had, so of course the wheel of the carriage locked, before we had gone a hundred yards. We have never had an accident before, this year. Webb had gone on with the key, so we took refuge on two elephants and jogged on four miles, and then overtook our tonjauns into which F. and I subsided. Then Mr. H. came up, driving Captain Z. in his buggy and set him down in the road and took me. Ten minutes after, Dr. D. caught up F. and drove her on. Mr. H. and I drove wildly on, looking for a conveyance for G. and thought ourselves uncommonly clever in overtaking and bringing together four of our carriage horses, and the palanquin carriage which is drawn by bullocks when it is not wanted, and then we

found that the pole was sent on in a cart, and there was nothing but the bullock yoke, so we drove on discomfited. Then we came to an empty buggy and put a trooper to guard it and sent another back to tell G. it was there, but it turned out that it belonged to —— of the body guard, who has been in constant scrapes and is under arrest, so G. could not well take that. However, H. found his own horse for him, and altogether we got into camp in very good time, but half the people came in late with all sorts of difficulties. Camp conveyances are very good for ten or twelve miles, but always fail on a long march; the bearers get tired and out of sorts. We pass Mrs. ——, your likeness, every morning, with her bearers guarded by two sepoys, because they will put down the tonjaun and run away.

Merahoon, Monday.

It was lucky we had our halt at Futtehpore-Sickrey. Except Delhi, it is the most interesting place we have seen, and there is more to sketch, and in these hurried journeys I do not think it any sin to sketch on Sunday. There is a tomb of marble here, carved like lace—it

would make such a splendid dairy for Windsor Castle, it looks so cool and so royal—and there is a beautiful gateway, the arch of which is ninety feet high; and then there are some remains of the Emperor Akbar, which give a good idea of the magnificent fellow he was. The throne in which he sat to hear petitions stands in the centre of a hall, with a cross of stone balconies, abutting from it, to four open arches. His ministers were placed at each end of that cross, their seats looking out on the courts below, so any grievance that was stated *to* them, or *against* them, they were obliged to announce at the full extent of their voices, else the Emperor could not hear them, and the petitioner below was made certain that his grievance was rightly stated. This throne, &c., is most beautifully carved, as you will see whenever I send my sketch books home. There is also a lovely carved room, all over European devices, supposed to have been built by the directions of a favourite wife, whom he imported from Constantinople. In the centre of the court, a *pucheesee* board (pucheesee is a sort of chess) is laid out in squares of marble, and there is a raised seat on which Akbar sat and played the games; the *pieces* were all female

slaves splendidly dressed, and whoever won carried off the sixteen ladies.

Agra, Wednesday, Dec. 18.

We came here yesterday and went off the same afternoon to see the Taj, which is quite as beautiful, even more so, than we had expected after all we have heard, and as we have never heard of anything else, that just shows how entirely perfect it must be. You must have heard and read enough about it, so I spare you any more, but it really repays a great deal of the trouble of the journey. We passed the day in the tents, as they were more convenient for G.'s levee, and in the afternoon came on to this delightful house, which was Sir Charles Metcalfe's and is now Mr. H.'s, who has good-naturedly entrenched himself in one wing and settled us in the rest. It is beautifully furnished, and so clean and quiet. I really love it—it is so pleasant not to feel dusty.

Friday, Dec. 20.

We went yesterday to see Secundra, where Akbar is buried, and his tomb of beautiful white marble is up four stories of grotesque buildings, well worth seeing, so much so that, as G. had a

durbar to-night and could not go out, F. and I went back alone, and had rather a rest, in sketching there, for two hours, but it is impossible to make anything of these elaborate Mogul buildings, they are all lines and domes, and uncommonly trying to the patience. We are attempting to buy Agra marbles and curiosities, but somehow cannot find many, and those we ordered before we came down are not half done, but they will be very pretty. I have got two little tombs, facsimiles of Shah Jehan's and his wife's, with all the same little patterns inlaid. Valuable—but I wish they were not quite so dear. We were at home on Thursday night—there seem to be a great many people at Agra. Mrs. H., who was a Miss A., is very pretty and nice. We stay here till the 1st, and this fortnight of rest from tents is a great comfort. My small health is uncommonly good just now.

CHAPTER XXII.

Agra, Sunday, December 29, 1839.

I HAVE let a week pass by this time, partly because since we have been here, we have given a ball and four large dinners, seen a great many sights, had a ball given to us and a déjeûner at the Taj, and also that an awful change has taken place in our plans, one that it makes me sick to think of. We are going to stay here for the next ten months: ——, to whom G. offered the Lieutenant-Governorship and who knew all his plans and who had acuteness enough to carry them on, began by accepting, and ended by declining in consequence of 'domestic calamities which he was unable to explain.' They say that Mrs. —— is gone out of her mind. I really think it must have been at the notion of coming here. It is too late in the year to make any new arrangements, and there is so much of im-

portance likely to occur in the Punjâb where old Runjeet is a sad loss, and so much to watch over in Affghanistan, that G. decided on staying himself. Such a shock and such trouble! We have at least three houses to build here for the European servants, the baboos, &c., and a house to repair for the aides-de-camp. Agra is avowedly the hottest place in India, and everybody says this is the hottest house in Agra, so there is a whole army of engineers now beginning to see what can be done to build up verandahs, and to make ventilators and to pretend to make the hot winds bearable. There are in India two regular parties, one preferring Bengal with the hot days and the damp and the sea-breeze blowing at night, and the other standing up for their hot winds, twenty degrees hotter, but dry. I have never varied in thinking the account of them terrific. From the end of March, to the middle of June, they blow unceasingly, night and day. Nobody stirs out, and all night the tatties are kept wet, and thermantidotes (great *winnowing* machines) are kept turning to make a little cool air. The windows are never opened, and they say that at midnight, if you were to go out,

it feels like going into a furnace. However those who are all for the provinces say, the wind is dry and not unwholesome, and that as long as you do not attempt to go out of the house, you do not suffer from the heat. It is a regular strict imprisonment. Calcutta is bad, but there we had a regular evening drive, and Government House was really cool at night; then in case of illness there was the sea at hand, but here, if any of us are ill, of course, there is no escape. Even natives cannot travel in the hot winds. The discomfiture is general. Most of our goods are half-way to Calcutta. The native servants, who thought they were within reach of their wives and families after two years' absence, are utterly desperate.

Mr. A. has thrown up his place, and goes down to Calcutta. Mrs. S. plods back to Simla with her children, and leaves her husband here. Mrs. H. ditto, and I think those two ladies are rather pleased, it forces them to keep their boys another year in the country. Z. has been ill since we came here, but the day this shock was communicated to him, he got up electrified, dressed himself, and came to my room to bemoan his *particular* hard fate, so

like Narcissus Fripps. 'I really am quite overset—I have not an idea what to do—I am so afraid of the hot winds, and this is such a place! no society whatever! Now at Calcutta, I really should have enjoyed myself.' This was said with an air of great interest.

I saw my opportunity and put it to him, that the hot winds were very bad for the attacks he is subject to, that Dr. D. had always wished him to go home, and that he might now have a medical certificate, which would save his paying his own passage, &c. And so he took the right turn, went straight to the doctor's tent, and came back to say that he had decided to go home. It really is the best thing he can do, and Dr. D. says it is the only chance of his getting well.

We still go to Gwalior, and go back into camp on Thursday; we shall be nearly a month away, and we leave X. behind, with Giles and all the carpenters and tailors of the establishment to make up beds, furniture, &c., for we have nothing but small camp beds, which are not endurable in heat.

Monday, December 30.

You cannot conceive what a pretty fête they

gave us at the Taj, or how beautiful it looked by broad daylight.

The whole society, with our camp, was just one hundred people, and we dined in what had once been a mosque, but it was *desecrated* many years ago. Still I thought it was rather shocking our eating ham and drinking wine in it, but its old red arches looked very handsome.

Some of the Agra people are too strict to dance, and as much walking is difficult in the plains, it is lucky the afternoon did not hang very heavily; but the garden is very prettily laid out, and W. O. challenged a fat Mr. N., an old acquaintance, to play at hop-scotch with all their old Westminster rules. W. is wonderfully active still at all those games and plays at them with very good grace, and it was great fun to see Mr. N., who is the image of Pickwick and dresses like him, hopping and jumping and panting after him. It kept everybody in a roar of laughter for an hour, and filled up the afternoon very well. No; the more our plan of staying here is canvassed the worse it is—the mere precautions, that are to be taken, show what those horrible hot winds are to be. However, I believe, as they all say, the best way is

not to think of them more than can be helped. The weather is fine now. But what I *do* think of, morning, noon, and night, is the utter impossibility of our going home now in 1841. It is too sore a subject to write about, and it had much better be left untouched, for fear it should establish itself into a fact, but I always foresaw those horrid secretaries would work it out if they could.

I am in that mood that I should almost be glad if the Sikhs, or the Russians, or anybody, would come and take us all. It would be one way out of the country. Captain C. has got an excellent appointment at Lucknow, but he will not leave us till after Gwalior, as he thinks he may be of use as X. must stay here to build and superintend. Captain C. has thoroughly earned his appointment by four years' constant service, but he is the last of the original set, and we are all very unhappy at his going, he is the most thorough gentleman in mind, and very clever and original. He has always been a great favourite with G., and as I think Mr. D. might accidentally fall in with Allan C. or find an opportunity of seeing him, perhaps he would mention how well his son is thought of, and how

well he is now settled. Captain X. bore his disappointment wonderfully well, and has been very amiable in many respects. G. offered him a smaller place, which might just have enabled him to marry, but when he found Z. was going as well as Captain C., he thought we should be having so many strangers at once, just as we were settling in a new place and to a new sort of life, that he would not leave us. I really do not know what we could have done without him at this moment. He is ordering all the new buildings, buying furniture in all directions, and ordering up everything from Calcutta, where he had just provided for our return. Agra produces nothing, there is no shop, and so few Europeans that I suppose the box wallahs find no trade, so we have been obliged to send to Calcutta for mats for the floors, musquito curtains, even common pins.

Tuesday, Dec. 31.

I went early this morning with Mr. H. and —— to see the Female Orphan school. We saw the boys last week—there are 150 boys and 130 girls who were picked up at the time of the famine two years ago, starving and with no rela-

tions. The boys are learning all sorts of trades; and as we are detained here another year, I thought it would be better to send my two little girls to the other school for the time, if they will let me have them again, to take to Mrs. Wilson. There is a German missionary and his wife at the head of this school. He speaks Hindoostanee tolerably, but she speaks no English and very little Hindoostanee; however, there is another woman to assist, and they seem to make it out very tolerably, and they are an interesting looking young couple, with such soft German voices. Rosina took Ameeum and Jehurun there after breakfast, and stayed great part of the day with them, but they all three did nothing but cry, though the old body is very sensible about them, and thinks it better they should go. Poor little things! I am sorry to lose them; they were such funny little animals, and used to imitate Wright and Rosina in trying to dress me, and really made themselves useful on the march. Z. is taking home a parcel to you, two of my sketch-books, which I want you to keep for me; the others are unluckily on the river on their way to Calcutta. Then, a parcel directed to you, in which there are two half shawls, embroidered

all over, really about the prettiest things I have seen, which it appeared Wright had procured from Delhi for T. and E. She thought they would be very suitable for two young ladies going out. I thought they were too expensive presents for her to send, and F. and I tried to persuade her out of it, but she said she had got them on purpose, so there they are; and for fear you should be jealous, I have sent you a green worked Delhi scarf. Also, in a little box directed to R., there are two press papiers, a marble tortoise, and a marble book, Agra works, which I send T. and E. F. has sent the girls some rings; so what you are to wring from Z. when he arrives, are two sketch-books, a parcel of shawls, and a little box of rings, all directed to you; and these two marble things in the parcel to R.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Thursday, Jan. 2, 1840.

I WENT yesterday evening to see my children, who seemed quite reconciled to their fates, and were stuffing rice and curry in large handfuls. Mrs. L., the matron, said they did not take to the other children, but pottered after her wherever she went. Rosina went to bid them good-bye, and was quite satisfied with their treatment.

We marched fifteen miles this morning over a very heavy road. The mornings are very cold now before the sun rises, but the rest of the day is very fine. They are luckily making a great deal of ice this year. Large fields are covered with very shallow porous saucers, which hold a very little water, and when the thermometer comes down to 36° this turns into very thin ice, and the people collect it and pound it; they reckon that about one-third is available in the hot weather, and it is a great comfort.

Dholepore, Saturday, Jan. 4.

The Dholepore Rajah came to fetch G. in this morning. He seems to run to size, in everything; wears eight of the largest pearls ever seen; rides the tallest elephant; his carriage has two stories and is drawn by six elephants, and he lives in a two-storied tent—ricketty, but still nobody else has one so large. He is one of the potentates who undertake to feed all our camp gratis, which is a popular measure with the sepoys and servants. Scindia, the Gwalior Rajah, is encamped on the other side of the river, about five miles off, and G. reckons that he will have about two durbars a day for the next fortnight. He had two to-day—one for Dholepore himself, and another for Scindia's Vakeel. The Mahrattas are a very ragamuffin-looking race. E. is the Gwalior resident, and is on the same fat scale with everything else, except little Violet Snook, who is trotting about the street very busily. It is rather curious that the camp should contain three officers rejoicing in the names of Violet Snook, Gandy Gaitskell, and Orlando Stubbs. Are they common names in England? Gandy Gaitskell we are uncommonly intimate with; he is always

on guard, and always dining here. Orlando Stubbs is a novelty.

Sunday, Jan. 5.

The officers of the Gwalior contingent sent to ask when they could call, and I thought it would be good for their morals to say that church began at eleven, and we could see them afterwards. They live five miles off, so Colonel E. gave them a breakfast before church, and when I went out this morning early, they were all arriving, and Violet Snook was rushing in and out in a violent state of excitement, receiving his brother officers, shaking hands, and bowing and ordering, and in short it was quite pleasant to see a Violet with such spirits, and a Snook with such manners. They all came after church, and seemed a gentlemanlike set. I think if I were a soldier, I should like to belong to a local corps, or a contingent; they all wear such pretty fancy dresses.

Monday, Jan. 6.

This has been a day of durbars for G., which is a sad waste of time. Scindia, the Gwalior Rajah, came in the morning to pay his visit. G. sent a deputation yesterday to compliment him, and they had, as usual with these great native

princes, to take off their shoes on going in. The Rajah himself takes off his own shoes, and Europeans keep on their hats if they take off their shoes. In fact they do not really take them off; they put stockings over them.

Scindia was four hours coming five miles to G.'s durbar this morning. Natives think it a mark of dignity to move as slowly as possible. How going down to Windsor by railroad would disgust them! And C., L. E., and P., who had been sent to fetch him, were nearly baked alive on their elephants. On the return he was polite enough to dismiss them after they had gone two hundred yards, or they would have had four hours more. He is young, very black, and not good-looking, but it is impossible to look at *him*, on account of his pearls. He wears three large ropes, or rather cables of pearls, and those round his throat are as big as pigeons' eggs, larger than Runjeet's famous pearls. His courtiers are not ill off in matter of jewels, particularly emeralds. In the afternoon G. went to return the Dholepore Rajah's visit, and see some fireworks, &c., &c. F. and I agreed not to go, as it was four miles off, and the Mahrattas are not pleasant natives. We went up a little hill near the camp, from

which the procession looked very pretty, and then we had the advantage of righting a bit of wrong. Two of our band and an artilleryman had got into a quarrel with the priests of a little mosque on this hill, and were beating them, and the natives came rushing to us for protection. The Europeans were evidently in the wrong, and they ran off instantly, but I sent the jemadar to say I wanted them particularly, and it was so funny to hear their broad Irish. 'That native, me lady, abused me shockingly—words I could not be shocking you with repating; and as I cannot speak a word of their language, I *bet* him well!' 'But how do you know he was abusing you, if you do not know a word of his language?' 'Oh, me lady, there could be no mistake; his abuse was so shocking, worse luck for me that I could not answer.' 'Besides, I translated,' one of our little band boys said; and then the natives produced a stick they had broken on him, and the Europeans picked up a great stone they declared had been thrown at them, but they could not help laughing themselves at that, it was so obviously untrue. And so it ended, in my telling the priests to come to camp with their complaint to-morrow, and telling the band to go home, and

be ready to play at dinner; but there was something rather pleasant in this Irish quarrel.

Tuesday, Jan. 7.

Well! there never were such times! 'I am too old entirely for these quick changes,' as the old nurse says, in Miss Edgeworth's 'Ormond,' but I am glad of this one. G. woke me this morning by poking his head into the tent and saying, 'Here is the overland mail come, and all my plans are changed, and we are going down to Calcutta.' I am so glad; it is all in the way home. I really think (don't you?) that we shall stick now to our original time of March 1841, and it was quite hopeless a week ago. I think this is a great piece of luck, and feel as if I could do like the native servants. They are all quite mad, flinging themselves on the ground, and throwing off their turbans; and at least twenty of the head servants have been to my tent to ask if it is true, and to say, that they are praying to Allah for 'Lordship's health,' and to thank him for taking them back to their families. If Allah had anything to do with it, I am much obliged to him too, and to Lordship for taking us back to *our* families. I could not bear Agra,

and now everybody owns that the hot winds would have been fearful, but they are all in their separate difficulties. Mr. Y. has left his children at Agra; C. his wife; we have left all our goods, except a small allowance of clothes; the aides-de-camp have all bought buggies and horses, and everybody had taken a house. W. O. spent nearly 1,000*l.* in preparations and furniture, but a good deal of that may be retrieved. Captain X. luckily came into camp this morning, and is going back to undo all he has done; send off Giles and all the servants we left, and my two little girls, and all our dear boxes. Not that I have ever seen again any box that I ever left behind, in any place in India, and we are so marched and countermarched, that our property is horribly scattered, but I think there is a chance of bringing it all together at Calcutta. Everything in India always comes down by water, and as a good large river comes down to Calcutta, it is a possible rendezvous for our things.

Thursday, Jan. 9.

We left Dholepore this morning, and had great difficulty in coming along; the road for four miles was through a narrow sandy ravine. Scindia's

camp moved yesterday, and his goods had only got through the pass at eight last night, and that owing to P.'s working all day. Our hackeries that left camp at one yesterday are not come in at one, to-day; they had stuck in all the narrow places, and there was a dead camel here, and a dead bullock there, and an elephant had killed a man somewhere else, and in short it was a bad pass. Now, to answer your letter. I hope dear E. is better, as you do not say he is not. How you do rush about on those railways! You put me quite out of breath.

Gwalior, Saturday, Jan. 10.

We have had more letters by the second express, many of them written since the news of Ghuznee had been known. The Gwalior Rajah met us this morning, rather to our discomfiture, as F. and I had meant to come on quietly in the carriage, but the roads were so narrow and his train so *wide*, that we were obliged to get on our elephants. He rides the largest elephant in India; it is nearly twelve feet high, and G.'s, which is generally thought a large one, looked like a little pony, and, what was worse, was so afraid of the Rajah's, that it was ten minutes before they could be driven close enough to allow

of G.'s getting safely into the Rajah's howdah. I always think that a very unpleasant part of the ceremony, to say nothing of the little French embrace that follows. The Mahratta horsemen are striking-looking people in their gold dresses, with their very long spears, and altogether it was a very pretty sight, but the Rajah stuck to his dignified rule of going as slow as possible, and we were just an hour and a quarter going the last two miles, though he should consider that after eight o'clock, every hour of his horrid sun is of the highest importance. Gwalior is a picturesque-looking place, a fort on a rock, which, after all the flat plains, looks distinguished.

Sunday, Jan. 11.

We received all the ladies belonging to the Gwalior contingent, yesterday, and the officers, only sixteen altogether, and four ladies, two of them uncommonly black, and the third, Captain —— remembers as a little girl running about barracks, a soldier's daughter, but she was pretty, and, by dint of killing off a husband, or two, she is now at nineteen the wife of a captain here. I should think she must look back with regret to her childish plebeian days. The hus-

band interrupts her every time she opens her lips, and she had not been here two minutes, before he said in a gruff tone, 'Come, Ellen,' and carried the poor little body off.

We have had no service to-day for want of Mr. Y. We went this evening to see the fort and palace, and very beautiful it was, so like Bluebeard's abode. As the elephants plodded up one steep flight of steps after another, with the castle still frowning over our heads, D., who is not imaginative nor jocose, said, 'I cannot help thinking sister Anne must be looking out for us,' and we all agreed that she must. There is a beautiful old temple in the fort—one mass of carving; and I should like to pick out a few chimney-pieces for Kensington Gore from the carved stones that are tumbling about these old places.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Monday, Jan. 12, 1840.

We dined with Colonel J. yesterday. He lives, I believe, quite in the native style, with a few black Mrs. J.'s gracing his domestic circle when we are not here, but he borrowed St. Cloup and our cooks to dress the dinner, and it all went off very well. That little Mrs. T. looked very pretty, but Captain T. planted himself opposite to her, and frowned whenever she tried to talk, but he did not quite stop her, and another week of society would, I expect, enable her to frown again. We went to Scindia's durbar to-day. The palace was three miles off, and we had to set off at three on elephants, and the heat and the dust and the crowd were something inconceivable, but it was a curious show. The durbar was very orderly and handsome. G. and Scindia sat together on a gold throne with a canopy, and F. and I on two silver chairs

next to G., and down each side of the room were his sirdars on one side and our officers on the other. After we had sat about ten minutes, the negotiations began, for our going to see the Ranee, and there were many preliminaries to arrange, and at last we *condescended* to walk through the two rooms that led to the zenana, for fear any of the bearers should catch a glimpse of anything, and no aide-de-camp was to go for the same reason, so we walked off with Mrs. H. We had sent the two Ayahs there in the morning, as Mrs. H. does not speak the language very well. Some female slaves met us at the first door, and then some cousins of the Rajah's; in the next room *two* step-mothers, and then an old grandmother, and at the door of her own room was the little Ranee, something like a little transformed cat in a fairy tale, covered with gold tissue, and clanking with diamonds. Her feet and hands were covered with rings fastened with diamond chains to her wrists and ankles. She laid hold of our hands and led us to her throne, which was like the Rajah's, without a canopy, and her women lifted her up, and we sat on each side of her, and then all the relations sat in two rows on chairs, and looked

uncomfortable, and the Nautch girls began dancing. The Ranee is only eight years old, and is the sister of his first wife, on whom he doted, and on her death-bed she made him promise to marry this child. She was so shy, she would hardly let us see her face, but the old women talked for her, and the presents filled up the time, for the Rajah had ordered that she should put all the jewellery on us with her own little hands. I had a diamond necklace and a collar, some native pearl earrings that hung nearly down to the waist, and a beautiful pair of diamond bracelets, and the great article of all was an immense diamond tiara. I luckily could not keep this on with a bonnet. They were valued altogether at 2,400*l.*, the mere stones. F.'s were of different shapes, some very pretty, but not so costly, but altogether it was an immense prize for the Company. Then we had a bale of shawls, and the Ayahs got six shawls, and Mrs. H. a necklace, and, besides all the diamonds, they hung flowers all over us. We must have looked like mad, tragedy queens when we came out, but everybody was transmogrified in the same way. Some years ago, it might have made us laugh, but W. and Mr. A., with great necklaces

of flowers on, led us gravely back to our silver chairs, and there was G., sitting bolt upright, a pattern of patience, with a string of pearls as big as peas round his neck, a diamond ring on one hand and a large sapphire on the other, and a cocked hat embroidered in pearls at his side. We came home through a grand illumination, and were thoroughly tired at last.

Tuesday, Jan. 13.

Scindia returned G.'s visit to-day, and the ceremonies were much the same, and I think our presents were almost handsomer than his. G. asked him to come for a secret conference into the shawl tent with silver poles that Runjeet gave us, and in that was the gold bed inlaid with rubies, also Runjeet's, on which they both sat, with B. and A., Colonel J. on one side and the Rajah's two ministers on the other. It looked mysterious and *conspiring*, and the Rajah's followers were in a horrid state of alarm; they said their king had been carried off, and had no guards, and perhaps never would be let out again. G. and the Rajah transacted a little real business, and then G. got up and asked him to accept the tent and the bed, which quite delighted him, and he went away.

We went on to see a much more interesting little Durbar. G. had all the old soubadars and havildars of the regiments that have been with us, all through this march, and some of the body-guard, and gave them each a gun and a pair of shawls. One old fellow has been fifty-eight years in the service, and would tell his story here: he had been at Java in Lord Minto's time, and so on, and he had five medals to show, another had four; they are all most respectable natives. Their great desire was that G. should pour attar on their hands, with his own hand, which is a great distinction, and altogether it was a very touching sight, and has pleased all the troops very much.

We had a great dinner of all the officers afterwards, which luckily was not formal; as there was a Mr. V., a cousin of Lady B.'s, who sings beautifully, without accompaniment, and filled up the evening very pleasantly.

Wednesday.

The camp moved three miles to-day, that G. might be nearer the garden-house where the Rajah was to give him a dinner, and we came over such roads! I wonder the carriage stood it. The dinner was all in the native style, but would have

been eatable, G. says, only he was on so high a chair that he never could pick up a morsel from the table. The Rajah sent F. and me some dinner, three kids roasted whole, and covered with gold and silver leaf, a deer, and about fifty dishes of *sorts*, much to the delight of the servants. Wright and Jones with Rosina went to take our return presents to the little Ranee, and were charmed with their visit.

Thursday.

G. went to a long tiresome review to-day, and F. and C. went with Captain X., Mr. H., and Dr. D. to visit Donheit Rao's tomb. The Baizee Baee erected it fifteen years ago. There is a black marble figure of him, dressed in the same sort of gold stuff he always wore, and with all his jewels on, and as, being of black marble, he cannot go to Mahadeo's temple to say prayers, Mahadeo is brought and put on a table before him. Food is served up to him three times a day, and there is a nautch going on while he is supposed to eat. They were nautching all the time we were there, and I think the marble man liked it. The Baee endowed the tomb with five villages, and the Brahmins in attendance eat up the food the marble man leaves. It has made rather a good

sketch. G. said, while the review was going on, the Sirdar who had been with us came and reported that the ladies had been to the tomb and had been so much pleased that they made a drawing of it, and that they had returned safely to camp, and the Maharajah sent his compliments, and said he was glad to hear of our safety. I never felt much afraid, did you? but then I have sketched before, and know what it is.

Friday, Jan. 17.

I declare I think Scindia a very nice young man, likely to turn out well. There is an enamelled little box of spices that comes every day with the uneatable food he sends for luncheon, and I took it up one day and commented upon its beauty. I suppose our servants told his, for to-day Colonel E. arrived with Bajee Rao and another Vakeel, who had brought the little spice-box in a palanquin, with a message from the Rajah that he heard I had admired it, and that he had sent it as a *private* present to me, that if the company were to have it, he did not give it at all, but that Colonel E. was to arrange so that I should have it. G. has paid its value to the company which is the simplest arrangement, though he hardly ever will give leave

to have anything bought by private contract, but in this instance where there was no return present he did. Colonel E. is very angry that it should be paid for, because it was entirely a private present, but I see the value of the rule. It was very good-natured of the Rajah to think of it, and I shall keep my little spice-box with a tender recollection of him, to say nothing of its being a lovely little article, *per se*.

Saturday, Jan. 18.

I should like to have kept this open till your letter arrived, but G. seems to think the great packet may not come till to-morrow. Still, I think I won't send it. G. may be wrong, everybody is occasionally. In the meantime, I beg to say we have left Gwalior, and I shall have nothing to see, or say, till we get back to Calcutta. So you need hardly read the next journal—it will be so very heavy.

W. and I got up by a wrong gun this morning, one of Scindia's. There is no carriage road, so we all travel separately in tonjauns, or on elephants, or horses, or anyhow; and *after* I had set off in a great fuss at being so late, G.'s first gun fired. I found W. scrambling along on a pony, under the

same delusion; and we got in here an hour before the others, riding the last six miles as hard as we could. I was glad to be in soon, the weather is so very hot. It has been cold for about three weeks this year.—God bless you! I have been trying to read over my journal and have stuck in it. What very heavy reading it is!

Jan. 20.

I have kept this open for two days, in hopes that the letters would come in, but we have just got all the Galignanis with an anouncement from Bombay, that the Falmouth packet is not come at all; and all your letters are there—and everybody's. It is so disheartening!—We cannot have them for five weeks.

CHAPTER XXV.

Nuddea Gaon, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1840.

THAT missing Falmouth packet still hangs on my mind, and I cannot digest its loss after three days, which must be very unwholesome. We are poking along the narrow roads and ravines of Bundelcund, always afraid every night that the carriage will not be available, and finding every morning, that the Rajah of the day (we live in a course of Rajahs) has widened the old road, or cut a new one, and picked the stones off the hills and thrown them into the holes; and so, somehow, we come along. We have our old friend, Mr. F., who marched with us two years ago, in camp with his Jhansi Rajah, who has met us and been durbared and visited; and a Captain R. with *his* Rajah in prospect; and Colonel E. still here, because we every now and then step over a mile of Gwalior territory; and Colonel H. also, an old friend, and a sad spectacle of what two *more*

years in India have done. This morning we came in on elephants because the *Duttyah* Rajah met G. We arrived, all over dust, but still, as I was telling G., the meeting between Dutty and Dusty was tolerably good. Duttyah's is rather a pretty story. He was picked up 'a naked, new-born child' under a tree at this place by the Governor-General's agent, who was taking his morning's ride, and who carried the child to the Palace. The old Rajah, who had no children, said it was the gift of God, and that he would adopt him; and an adopted son is, with the natives, as good an heir as any other; but sometimes the English government objects, as territories without an heir fall to the Company. There were ill-natured people who said that the Resident Agent took a paternal interest in the little brown baby, and knew exactly under which tree he was to look for a forsaken child; but I am sure the boy's look quite disproves that calumny. He is more hideously fat than any boy of fourteen I ever saw; a regular well-fed Hindu. The Government never gave a formal consent to the adoption, but his territory is particularly well-managed by the old Prime Minister; and so, upon his consent to pay a certain tribute, he was to be publicly received as Rajah,

to-day, and he and his subjects all mustered in great force, and the old minister was fussing his heart out, to have his fat boy's elephant at G.'s right hand, and looking very proud of his Maharajah. It is very shocking, and I hope it may never be the case in any other country, but we have seen a great many young, petty sovereigns lately and it is extraordinary how like they all are to the old Prime Ministers, belonging to their fathers. It is rather pleasant for this boy to look at the tree where he was found without a rag on, and to think he has a very large territory with a clear income of £140,000 a year. W. O. left us last Monday evening; he did not mean to stop an hour on the road, and it is horrid to think that he is still going shaking on, with the bearers saying 'humph! humph! ha! ha!' which they do without ceasing.

Friday.

Lord Jocelyn, who has been coming across from Bombay to join us through sundry difficulties, writes now from Gwalior, and says that Captain E. is to pass him on to Soonderah, where he hopes we shall have sent horses, &c., and that he will be in camp on Thursday night. His letter did not come till this morning,

so he is probably wringing his hands at Soonderah. It is thirty miles off, but we have sent out camels and such of the horses as are not tired with this morning's march, but the syces cannot walk more than fifteen miles a day. I have been redeeming from the Tosha Khanna (the collection of native presents made to us) two or three articles as recollections of this journey, but they price them ridiculously high out of regard for the company. I have bought a little ring which Runjeet gave me, a poor diamond, but the only one within my means, for love of the old man; a little diamond cross that was a private gift of Hindu Rao's, and if we had not been the most scrupulous of people, need not have been given up, and a pair of silver anklets as mere curiosities, that the little Ranee gave me. I should have liked one of the King of Lucknow's presents, but none came within my reach.

Saturday.

This morning there came a letter written on a scrap of brown, native paper, from Lord Jocelyn to G. saying he thought his letter to W. O. had perhaps not been opened, that he was at Soonderah after wandering five hours in the jungles,

that he had lost his servant, 'and I hope your Lordship will have the kindness to send somebody out to look after me, as I cannot make anybody understand a word I say.'

He came in, in the afternoon and nearly killed Colonel E. and Mr. L. and some of the old Indians who were dining with us by his account of his troubles. 'They would not give me anything to eat, so I held up a rupee and said "Dood" (milk), and they brought me quantities, but nothing to eat at all, and as I only had six rupees and did not know whether I should not have to pass the rest of my life at Soonderah, I said, "chota pice" (by which he meant small change, but it is as if we were to ask for little farthings), they did not attend, so then I stalked into kind of guard-house where there were some sepoys, and as *they* paid no attention to me, I knocked my stick on the table to excite them, and then made signs of writing and said "Lord Sahib." They evidently thought I had no business to write to the Lord Sahib, but at last brought me a stick and a piece of brown paper and I wrote and said "Dâk," and they brought me a man with letter bags, and I said "Lord Sahib hi" (is the Lord Sahib here)? upon which they all

burst out laughing and every time I said it, they all laughed more. Then I said, very majestically "Jow, Jow, Jow," (which means 'go.') Then I shut my eyes and pretended to go to sleep, and they showed me a shed and I fetched my saddle for a pillow, and went to sleep, but the rats ran over me, so finding my horse was rested, I got on him and rode east, which I knew was your direction and just as the horse refused to move another step, met the camels.'

I really think he managed very well considering that the Mahrattas are not in general very civil.

Oorei, Sunday.

We met the little Jhetour Rajah this morning; such a pretty boy of twelve years old, and Mr. F. the agent has him constantly with him and teaches him to think for himself, and to be active and has got him to live less in the zenana than most young natives, and he seems lively and intelligent. We halt here a day, that G. may review the new local corps that has been raised in this boy's territories; they were drawn up in our street this morning, and are fine-looking people. Lord Jocelyn has filled up the day with

shooting; there are quantities of deer about, and he had the good luck to kill one.

Tuesday.

We halted at Oorei yesterday, that G. might review those troops, who made a wonderful display considering that, eight months ago, they were all common peasants; but natives are wonderfully quick under sharp Europeans, and Captain B. who has been fighting in Spain and is very active, has just hit their fancy. He goes about in a sort of blue and gold fancy dress, and puts himself into a constant series of attitudes.

The weather is so dreadfully hot, much worse than a January in Calcutta, but they say it is always so in Bundelcund. G. and I are quite beat out of riding any part of the march, even before seven o'clock, but F. still rides.

She and G. have gone on arguing to the end about the tents. He says, he should like before he gets into his palanquin, to make a great pyramid of tent pins, and put the flagstaff in the centre, with the tents neatly packed all round, and then set fire to the whole. He thinks it would be an act of humanity, as it would be at least a year before they could be replaced, so

that nobody, during that time, could undergo all the discomfort and bore he has undergone. She declares it is the only life she likes, never to be two days in the same place; just as if we ever were in '*a place.*'

CHAPTER XXVI.

Culpee, Wednesday, Jan. 29, 1840.

THIS is our great place of dispersion. G., A., and Mars start to-morrow for Calcutta, Lord Jocelyn for Agra, C. for Lucknow, and we on our march to Allahabad. M., H., and Colonel E. take up G.'s dâk the next day—that is, they inherit his bearers and follow him as fast as they can, and the rest of the camp go with us. We found Mrs. C., Mrs. N., and the Y.s, all in their separate boats at the Ghaut here, which was a curious coincidence, as everybody started on a different day, and a great delight to X.

Thursday, Jan. 30.

Lord Jocelyn passed two hours in my tent, talking over old days. He is very amusing and pleasant, and rubs up a number of London recollections.

We all had an early dinner at three, and then he started in a Dhoolie. There were no spare palanquins in camp, and a dhoolie is a sort of bed with red curtains, that sick soldiers are carried in, very light, but squalid-looking.

The street was full of officers, and soldiers, and servants; everybody in camp assembled to wish G. good-bye, and Lord Jocelyn came out in a flowered dressing-gown and slippers, with a cigar and a volume of a French novel, and took possession of this wretched bed, and seemed quite delighted with it. His servant followed on a camel. G. and A. then set off in the shut carriage, which is to take them two stages, Mars with palanquins having gone on in the morning. G.'s going is a great grief. It is somehow impossible to live without him here, and then India is such a horrid place. People who care about each other never ought to part for a day; it is all so uncertain, and communication is so difficult. F. and H. made a short march of five miles, just across the Jumna, and C. came on with all the rest and passed the evening with us, and then set off for his appointment at Lucknow. He is a great loss in every way, and has been with us for four years nearly. M., Colonel E., and H. we left on the other bank; they are to follow G. to-morrow.

Friday, Jan. 31.

Captain D. is in a considerable fuss. Colonel —— seems never to have recollected that though

so many individuals have left the camp, their property and servants remain there, just the same, and that the public officers, with all the clerks, must march on; so there is the same want of sentries. He ordered off half of the regiment that had come to escort us to Allahabad, and Colonel B., who only joined last night, sent word that he had only 300 men to do the work of 1,000. The sentries are withdrawn from all the private tents, and all the silver howdahs and waggon loads of shawls, jewelry, arms, &c., of the Tosha Khanna, are brought into the middle of the street. I should have liked to have robbed it for fun; in the first place, for the value of the goods, and then it would have put D., L., and the Baboo into such a state of horror.

Nobody *was* robbed but Mr. ——, who always is, and looks as if he always must be; he seems so helpless, and dangles his hands about in a pair of bright yellow gloves, quite new, and too large for him, and says, 'It is very odd how the devils of dacoits persecute me.'

The other day they stole his horse: he had put five police to guard it, and the thief just cut the ropes, jumped on its back, and rode off, and has never been heard of since. It is very conve-

nient stealing a white horse in this country, because the natives always paint them, sometimes in stripes like zebras, and sometimes in zigzags, and always give them scarlet, or orange tails, and orange legs; so they disguise a stolen one instantly.

Mr. T. is such a prim boy; he is very gentlemanlike-looking, and seems very amiable, but he is certainly prim. His uniform is so stiff he cannot turn his head round, and he talks poetically whenever he does speak.

F. declares he quoted to-day, something from *Mr.* Thompson's 'Seasons.' I wish when he gives us his arm that he would *shut it up* again. He sticks it out almost akimbo, so that it is impossible to *hook on* with any certainty.

Ghautumpore, Sunday, Feb. 2.

We have halted here to-day to allow more troops to come and protect the general property.

I heard from G. from Futtehpore. He says he can sleep very well in his palanquin; he might call it rather a slow conveyance, but thinks of us marching, and blesses his own fate. Mr. Beechey, the painter at Lucknow, sent me to-day a miniature of G., done by a native from his picture. It

is a shocking caricature, but a very little would make it like. I can make the alteration myself; and if I can get it smoothed up at Calcutta, I will send it home, and the girls can hang up 'the devoted creature' in their room. Mr. Beechey says he has sent me the original sketch in oils to Calcutta. It was an excellent picture, and I hope he has not touched it since.

Jehannabad, Monday, Feb. 3.

I heard again from G. from Allahabad; in fact, he is very little in his palanquin. All the magistrates and collectors of the different districts had placed their carriages and buggies at his disposal along the road that they knew he must go, so he gets on very fast, and then rests all the hot part of the day in a bungalow, which gives time for his palanquin to come up. He had gone thirty miles at one spell in a carriage drawn by four camels.

Futtehpore, Thursday, Feb. 6.

I have missed three days. They are all so exactly alike and so more than ever tiresome now G. is gone, I cannot get on at all without him. There is nobody else in this country who understands me, and you keep standing there

such miles off, that you are not of the least use when I want you most. Then your letters did not come last month. You cannot imagine what companions your letters are, and I want one so very much just now.

We have come back to-day, to one of our early halting places two years ago, so that looks as if we really were coming to an end of our wanderings in the wilderness, and I am sure it is high time we did. All the chairs and tables are tumbling to pieces, the china is all cracked, the right shoe of my only remaining pair has sprung a large hole, the brambles that infest the jungles where we encamp have torn my gown into fringes, so that I look like a shabby Pharisee, and my last bonnet is brown with dust. I am obliged to get Wright to darn a thing or two surreptitiously; the tailors think it wrong and undignified to mend. Altogether I can conceive nothing pleasanter than coming to a completely fresh set out at Calcutta.

General E. passed through camp to-day in his palanquin, and stopped for two hours and came to see us. I recollect him so well with the F.s and G.s as 'Elphy Bey,' and never had made out it was the same man till a sudden

recollection came over me a week ago. He is in a shocking state of gout, poor man!—one arm in a sling and very lame, but otherwise is a young-looking general for India. He hates being here, and is in all the first struggles of 'a real ancient Briton.' (Don't you remember how you and I were 'ancient Britons' always, when we fell into foreign society?) He is wretched because nobody understands his London topics, or knows his London people, and he revels in a long letter from Lord W. He thought G. very much altered since he had seen him, and G. thought the same of him. I suppose it will be very dreadful when we all meet. 'Oh! my coevals, remnants of yourselves,' I often think of that. What sort of a remnant are you? I am a remnant of faded yellow gingham.

General E. said, 'It seems odd that I have never seen A. since we were shooting grouse together, and now I had to ask for an audience and for employment. I got a hint, and rather a strong one, from the Governor-General to take Delhi in my way to Meerut, and to look at the troops there and be active in my command.' He went off with a heavy heart to his palanquin, which must be a shaky conveyance for gout.

One sees how new arrivals must amuse old Indians. He cannot, of course, speak a word of Hindoostanee, neither can his aide-de-camp. 'My groom is the best of us, but somehow we never can make the bearers understand us. I have *a negro* who speaks English, but I could not bring him dâk.' I suppose he means a native; but that is being what the 'artful dodger' in 'Oliver Twist' would have called 'jolly green.' He can hardly have picked up a woolly black negro who speaks Hindoostanee. I wish I knew.

Kutoghun, Sunday, Feb. 9.

We have halted here for Sunday under a few trees, which they call Kutoghun. I don't see any houses within ten miles.

Syme, Feb. 10.

We were met this morning by two Shuter sirwars, bringing invitations from the serious party at Allahabad to a fancy fair and a supper, and from the wicked set, to a ball and a supper, and begging us to name our own days. We have but Thursday and Friday, and it is rather hard after a long march and before an early boat to put in these gaieties. However, we cannot help it, but have declined both the suppers.

Allahabad, Friday, Feb. 14.

There! we arrived yesterday; the last time in my natural life in which I will make a long dusty journey before breakfast—at least, that is my hope, my intention, and my plot; of course I may be defeated in after years.

The camp is breaking up fast; camp followers asking for rupees in every direction; a fleet of boats loaded, and more wanted; all useless horses and furniture are being sold off by Webb at the stables; and to-morrow, of all this crowd which still covers five acres, there will be nothing left but Captain C. alone in his tent.

The fancy fair looked pretty in the evening—very 'Vicar of Wrexhillish,' such a mixture of tracts and champagne, &c., but the cheapest shop I have been in, in India. We brought home nearly a carriage-full of goods, which will do to give to the servants. To-night there is the ball. We have written to beg it may be early, and we go on board the budgerows to sleep, and they take us down to the steamer to-morrow. X. and fourteen boats'-load of trunks went this morning, and there are about thirty-five more to make their way to Calcutta

without steam—carriages, horses, &c.—which will arrive about a fortnight after us.

I heard from G. about 250 miles from Calcutta: quite well, and delighted with his *rapid* travelling —four miles an hour!

CHAPTER XXVII.

Benares, Monday, Feb. 17, 1840.

I SENT off my last letter from Allahabad, and it is almost hard upon you to begin again; it must be such dull reading just now. Our Allahabad ball was what they considered brilliant, seeing that it brought out their whole female society except two, who were very ill, and there were four dancing ladies and four sitters-by.

They were kind enough to give us supper early, where I can always console myself with mulligatawny soup (I think it so good—don't you?), and then F. and I came off to our separate budgerows. G. is in a great state of popularity in the Upper Provinces; all these people talked of him with such regard and admiration, and he had evidently exerted himself to talk very much during the four days he passed here, without the least idea, poor innocent man! how everything he said, was to be repeated. I heard from him near Burdwan; they are out of carriage roads, but he

still likes the palanquin, and slept very well. He and A. took a long walk in the morning while Mars cleared up the palanquins for the day, and then another in the evening while he made them up for the night. They have lived on their cold provisions and Seltzer-water and tea, and slept as much as they could. They passed through a jungle where a man had been killed by a tiger some time ago, so the bearers thought it necessary to make a great noise, and fire matchlocks constantly, and make a boy walk before, playing on a fife. G. says, they may have saved his life, but they spoiled his night.

Our budgerows were vere comfortable, but somehow I was just as sea-sick as if mine were the Jupiter. We got down to the flat by three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and found O. Giles had arranged everything very comfortably. We have sent for letters.

Ghazeepore, Feb. 18.

We got no letters, but Captain F., who had been waiting a day and a half to see us, came on board with some newspapers and two very pretty sandal-wood boxes he has had made for us. He looks very happy, and G., who stayed at his

house on the way down, was quite delighted with his look of comfort, and the way in which his house was fitted up. A retired aide-de-camp always carries off very *genteel* notions of setting up house. We have seen it in several instances.

G. has had a *levée*, and begun his little dinners, and was received very brilliantly at Calcutta.

We stuck on a sand-bank to-day for seven hours, or rather our steamer did, and we left her, and floated independently down in the flat to a safe place, till she could pick us up. We suppose the other steamer is sticking in the same place, as she has not come up to-night.

Wednesday, Feb. 19.

A jewel of a man in a small boat came floating up with a yellow dâk packet in his hand, which he put on board—two letters from G. and W. O.

The wind is so high, it blew us on another bank to-day, and upset all the furniture. It was just like being at sea, and the river is so full of sand-banks, we have anchored till the wind goes down. I wish it would only mind what it is about, for it is uncommonly cool and

pleasant, if it would only be a thought less violent.

Friday, Feb. 21.

Nothing of the other steamer. The 'Duke of Buccleuch' has been lost off the sand-banks, the passengers all saved, but I expect my box of clothes, which was to come this month, was in her. She has generally brought boxes for us. We were aground again, for three hours to-day, and the Hindus all went on shore to cook their dinners; but the wind was so high they could not make the fire burn, and the captain called them back just as their dinners were half cooked. It makes them wretched, poor people! A Hindu will only cook once in twenty-four hours, and then, if any accident happens, if a dog, or a Christian touches their food, or even passes too near it, they throw it all away and go without. Our Hindus would not try to cook again to-night when we came to anchor, and they may not eat in a boat.

Saturday, Feb. 22.

We stopped at Monghyr to-day for coals. We found plenty of letters there. G. says it will be quite necessary for W. O. to go to China, but there will be nothing for the troops to do, so that he

may return in four months, and will just escape the hot season. My poor box *is* at the bottom of the sea. Cockerell and Co. have signified as much to G., and they think there was also a box for F. I particularly grudge the gown Lady G. worked for me. I was wishing to see it so much. It is an inconvenient loss, for if we arrive on Saturday, as we expect, I shall have no bonnet to go to church in on Sunday, and I have been embittering my loss by reading over M. E.'s list of pretty things. However, if one is to have a loss, a box of clothes is the most reparable, and I must try to fit myself out at Calcutta for the rest of the time we are in India. This shipwreck will be my 'Caleb Balderstone's' great fire; much shabbiness may be excused thereby. The second steamer came in just as we left Monghyr, but not in time for us to speak to any of them.

Wednesday, Feb. 26.

We have gone on, sometimes sticking on a bank for an hour, sometimes not able to make the post town we wished to arrive at, but we generally make seventy, or eighty miles a day, very satisfactorily, and have almost always picked up a letter from G. or W. Last night we exerted

ourselves amazingly, stuck up sails, went on in the dark, tried to sit as lightly and as pleasantly as possible on the water, in hopes of arriving at Commercolly, where we counted on finding the overland letters. We succeeded in reaching Commercolly, and there found the dâk Baboo with two Calcutta newspapers for us, and not a line for anybody. Now we have left the short cut to Calcutta, there is so little water, and are going round by the Sunderbunds, where we shall see nothing but trees and jungle for four days; the fifth I hope we shall arrive at Calcutta. It is becoming so hot.

Cuhia.

This is a collection of native huts, where there is a deposit of coals, but there was also a dear native Baboo who stepped out with a parcel of letters, one from G., saying that the December overland had arrived, but as he did not think there was any chance of the letters finding us, he had only sent one or two; and he mentioned any little news he had collected.

He was quite right in his principle, but as the letters have found us, what a pity he did not send your packet, which he mentions.

It is a horrid thing; a great liberty; but G., in

his grand Mogul way, opens all our letters, and is evidently revelling in yours and the girls' journals. Indeed, he says so; and adds he is so hurried and worried he had not time to find the journals. Such impertinence!

Barackpore, Friday, March 13.

There! this is not a journal this time; it must turn into a letter, for I have had no time. We arrived at Calcutta late in the evening of Sunday, the 1st March. We ran down a native boat in the dark, and got a great fright from the screaming of the men, who were however all picked up immediately, and natives, one and all, can swim for two, or three hours without fear.

We found W. O. in his dressing-gown, and G. in bed; however, he got up and came to us; he complains of being very much over-worked, and of being over-bitten by the musquitoes. They are dreadful; still there is something in the cleanliness and *solidity* of the house, and in its space, that looks very attractive after the tents and boats. It is lucky we have had that march as a set-off, otherwise the change from Simla would be too shocking.

Do not you remember the story my father

used to tell us, when we were children, of how his friend the old Duke of Marlborough went to dine with a neighbour, a poor clergyman, whose house was small, whose fires were low, and whose dinner was bad, and when the Duke drove back to Blenheim and entered that magnificent hall, he said with a plaintive sigh, 'Well! home is home, be it never so homely.' So say I, on coming back to this grand palace, from those wretched tents, and so shall I repeat with still greater unction when we arrive at our dear little villa at Kensington Gore. If it should please God that we ever do so, mind that you and your girls are on the lawn to greet us.

THE END.

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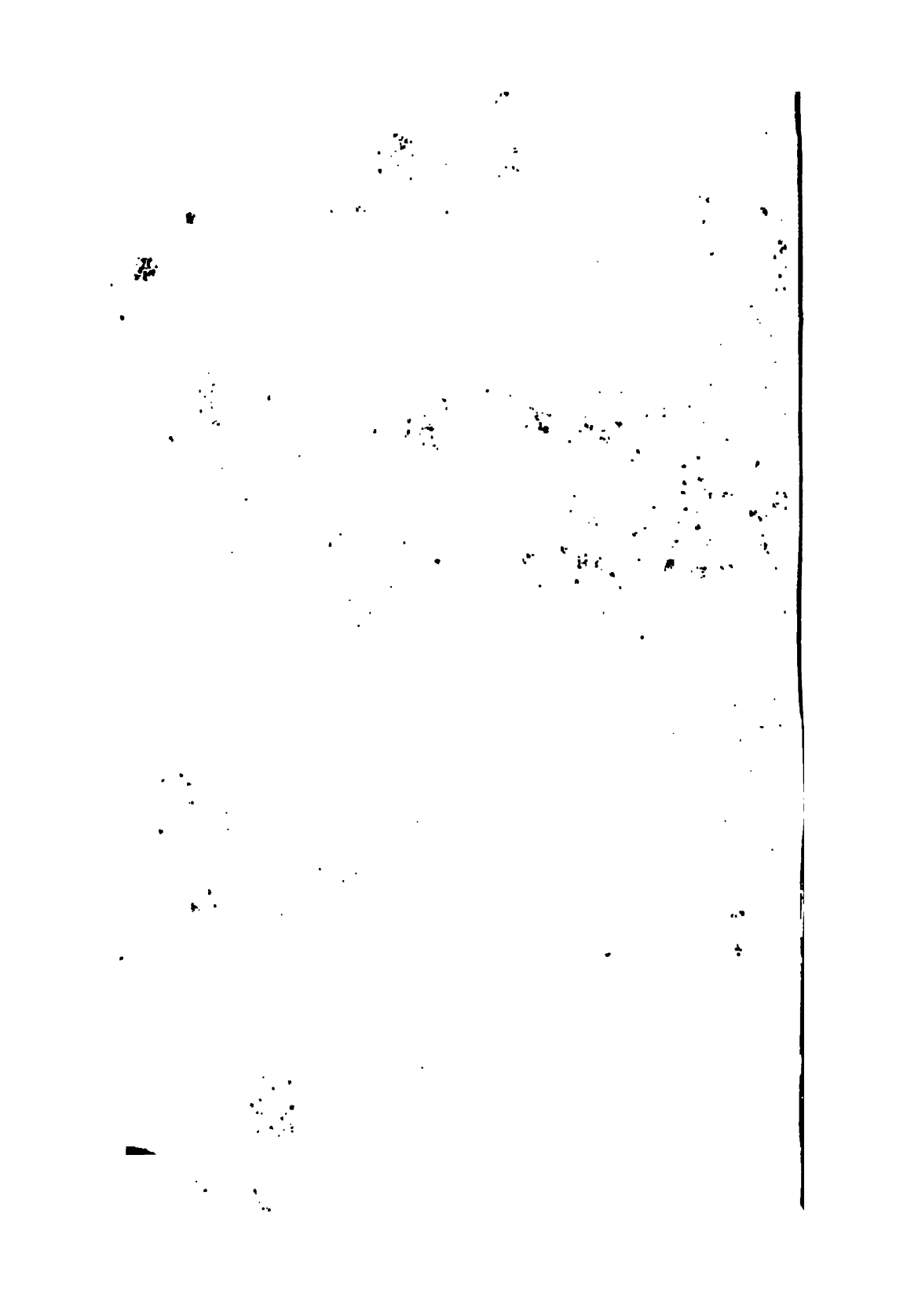

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